

The Sketch

No. 1404—Vol. CVIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1919.

ONE SHILLING.



A YOUNG AUNT OF A YOUNG PEER: THE HON. CLARE PETRE.

The Hon. Clare Petre is the younger of the two daughters of the fifteenth Baron. Her mother, Julia Lady Petre, has a house in Upper Grosvenor Street. The present Lord Petre is the

seventeenth Baron, and is only five years old. He has another young aunt—the Hon. Barbara Petre, who is the elder of Julia Lady Petre's two daughters.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

My Christmas Card.

I wish you, friend the reader, with all my heart, a happy Christmas. How you are to attain it is another matter. Many people, I fear, spoil Christmas by being afraid of it. They are afraid, that is to say, of their own sentiments. They will tell you that Christmas is a sad time for those who are grown up because it must bring with it so many sad memories.

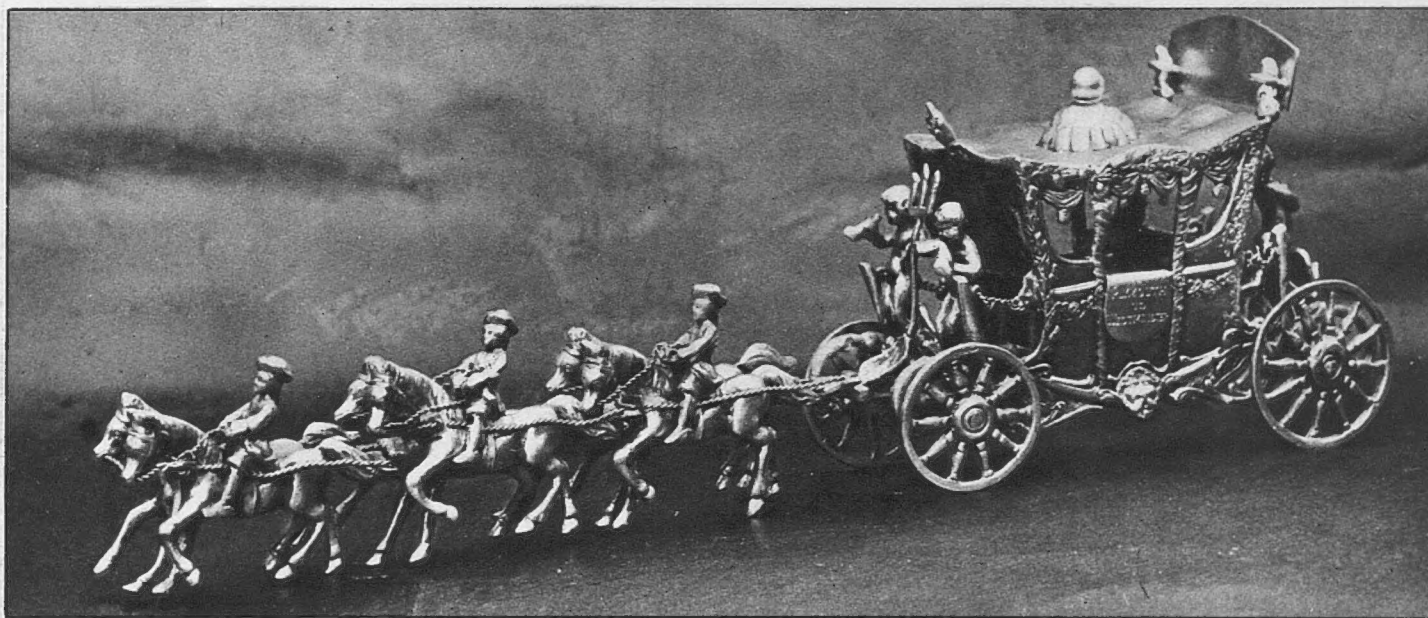
There is an answer to this as to most pessimisms. Nearly every sadness has its reaction. You cannot explain this reaction. I suppose it is a provision of Nature. The happiest people on Christmas Day are probably those who open their hearts instead of resolutely shutting them. A tear or two for the memory of a friend who has passed, a dear face missing from the table and the fireside, will do you no harm. On the contrary, it will do you good. You will be the happier for your moment of sorrowful reflection.

The minor objection to Christmas is less pardonable. "It is such an expensive time! The bills! The tips! The presents!" It is, I grant you, an expensive time, but you can only give according to your means. And you might cast your mind forward to the spring that is coming, which is an economical time. When you get to Christmas, the days are already lengthening.

Is London Happy? Talking of happiness, I wonder if London is really happy in its present condition. The faces that one sees in the hotels, the restaurants, the Tubes, and the streets are not particularly happy. The hotel faces are shy, as though the owners felt themselves to be there on sufferance. The restaurant faces are half-hungry, half-timid, as though the owners could get nothing to eat and expected to be charged a monstrous price for the atmosphere. The Tube faces are rebellious, as though the owners had paid twopence to get to Shepherd's Bush and found themselves, through no fault of their own, in hell. And the street faces are vacant, as though the owners had nowhere to go, no idea how to get there, and were wondering, confusedly, what all the fuss was about.

No, I scarcely think that London is the happiest place in England these days. It seems to want a controlling hand. I detected a lack of order. We used to laugh at Germany and America for their innumerable rules and regulations, but a rather tighter hand on the populace would be a godsend for poor, dazed, pushed, pommelled, splashed, choked, rooked, insulted old London.

The only havens of refuge are the theatres, which ought to be open all day and half the night. If I were a manager, I should engage three companies for my theatre and keep the play going from ten



LADY ASTOR'S TRIUMPHANT COACH: PLYMOUTH TO WESTMINSTER.

The Plymouth Habitation of the Primrose League have presented Viscountess Astor, M.P., with a delightful old silver "coach and six." It bears the inscription, "Plymouth to London," on the door, and

"To Viscountess Astor, M.P. With 14,495 Votes from Sutton Division, 1st November, 1919; Majority, 5,203," on the back. It is a very handsome and beautiful souvenir.—[Photograph by C.N.]

A Visit to London. I have been paying a visit to London, a city that I once knew very well. London in war-time was a London that no Londoner could recognise; and London after the war is still a very different London from the London of twenty or even ten years ago. I doubt whether London will ever be the old, tranquil, picturesque London of the first years of this century and the last years of last century.

In those days people used to talk of "bustling London" just as they talked of "swift hansoms." In all the novels of that period, the hansom is spoken of as "swift." I don't think I ever wrote that myself, because I always hated hansoms, and did my utmost to get them killed; but my brother-writers invariably found them "swift."

The London of those days, as we now see, was a dear, quiet, old-fashioned, Dickensy, polite, romantic London. There was nothing like it in all the world. To-day it is getting nearer and nearer to a large American provincial city. There are, to begin with, far too many visitors in London. I cannot understand why people are allowed to come to London without giving a satisfactory reason. I would restore the gates of the City, placing them north, south, east, and west at a distance of four miles from Temple Bar, and I would allow nobody to pass those gates without a special permit.

in the morning till twelve at night. All the actors and actresses would then find jobs, and the commercial managers wax so rich that they would commit suicide to avoid going mad over the super-tax and excess profits.

The Modern Undergrad.

I happened, by the way, to be in a theatre on the night of the 'Varsity Rugger match. Three boxes were occupied by young gentlemen from Oxford and Cambridge. I may be getting old, but their methods of being amusing did not appeal to me as being highly hilarious. In former days on such occasions, everybody flocked to the Empire with the sole object of getting flung down the steps. This hurt nobody except the merrymakers, and they could boast of their bruises for the remainder of their undergraduate career. Besides, the audience at the Empire expected a rag, the staff were ready for it, and no harm was done.

The young gentlemen the other night shouted at each other across the auditorium, which helped neither the show nor the players. They rushed from one box to the other. They exuded self-consciousness. They seemed desperately anxious that everyone should know who they were, and why they were present. Nobody, of course, cared a rap for that, and the players earned my admiration by taking not the slightest notice of them. A poor, anæmic little rag.

IN PANTO-LAND: A TRIO OF PRINCIPAL BOYS.



PLAYING DICK WHITTINGTON AT BIRMINGHAM:
MISS CLARICE MAYNE.



ROBINSON CRUSOE FOR EDINBURGH: MISS LOTTIE COLLINS.



CINDERELLA'S PRINCE AT CROYDON: MISS JESSIE FRASER.

Pantomime was a joy of peace time which languished a little during the war, and hardly quite recovered itself for Armistice Christmas. It is in full and brilliant form this year, though, and the Principal Boys are a special feature of "panto." productions in the

Metropolis and all over the country. Our photographs show three charming "Boys" who are appearing respectively at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham; Theatre Royal, Edinburgh; and Grand Theatre, Croydon.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



"TWO lumps, please!" I said.

Mariegold had half-closed her eyes, tilted her head back, slightly dilated her nostrils as if she were smelling the first violets of the year, and had then said: "He was a dream,

a king of kings among men."

Moreover she had, while she was tilting back her head, dilating her nostrils, etc., forgotten that she still held a lump of sugar in the sugar-tongs, intended for my cup of tea.

"Oh, yes, two; how stupid of me," she said in a matter-of-fact voice, breaking away from her ecstasy and resigning herself to the commonplaces of existence—to me and our tea-table.

"It's so jolly here, isn't it?" she said drearly, letting her eyes wander from a dish of cakes—an unfortunate choice made by an uninspired waitress—to the

has lived by turn in two of the nicest houses in Curzon Street; his son and Lady Curzon live in Curzon Street; his mother lives in Curzon Street. But there's still room for the new Countess," laughed Mariegold; "a charming American, with accomplishments."

"Everybody knows Earl Howe,"

I said, "as a peer who has rather specialised in Royalty. I don't mean because he is a snob, but because Royalty has rather specialised in him; he has the tradition, the point of view, the houses all complete with state rooms and royal beds, that have made it easy for him to entertain great people, both at Gopsall and the Woodlands."

"And he has the clean-cut look of a courtier," said Mariegold. "And as for Lord Churchill, he is not my king of kings, either; so you're wrong again there. But he is interesting just now, like Lord Howe, on account of Cupid. His daughter is engaged to Cecil Brassey of the Life Guards—quite an approved match, as you will learn when the list of royal and other wedding presents is published."

"Viscount Churchill," I said, "was always petted in high places, from the time when he was a chubby Page of Honour to Queen Victoria ('Buttons' they called him at Eton). He belonged to a smart group—Earl Spencer of the high collars and stiff manners; Lord Sandhurst, the coolest thing ever seen in a Buckingham Palace crush of agitated brigadiers; Viscount Esher, who was everything at Windsor, from glorified head housemaid to Deputy Constable; the Earl of Chesterfield; that very lordly Lord Steward"—are any of these eligible?

"No, no, no," said Mariegold, "I was dreaming of none of those. And it seems to me, in my extreme modernity and rawness, that they belong to the past, that the great world gets along nowadays without masterly Masters of Ceremonies, without that 'move along, please' touch which used to belong to Court ceremonies. Even the sentries outside Buckingham Palace strike me as human beings, these days. The boxes are still wooden, but not the soldiers any more. One of them smiled at me last Sunday."

"Do you know," I said, "that there are forty thousand people—soldiers, sailors and civilians who have won war honours—waiting for Investiture. A number like



1. Before Christmas, Angela, like everyone else, is very busy despatching Christmas cards. The darling dogs are muzzled, as they consider Christmas cards one of the luxury foods.

window, out of which we could see a wet and rather foggy Bond Street.

"Whom are you talking about?" I demanded. "Why do you suddenly become oblivious to your surroundings, and assume the expression of a Botticelli dancing angel—one of the angels embracing in mid-air over Bethlehem, in the little picture we looked at the last time we went to the National Gallery?"

"Guess who!" she said.

"Somebody in a book," I suggested; "you've been reading 'Morte d'Arthur,' or Shelley, or Rupert Brooke!"

"No, it's somebody alive," she answered.

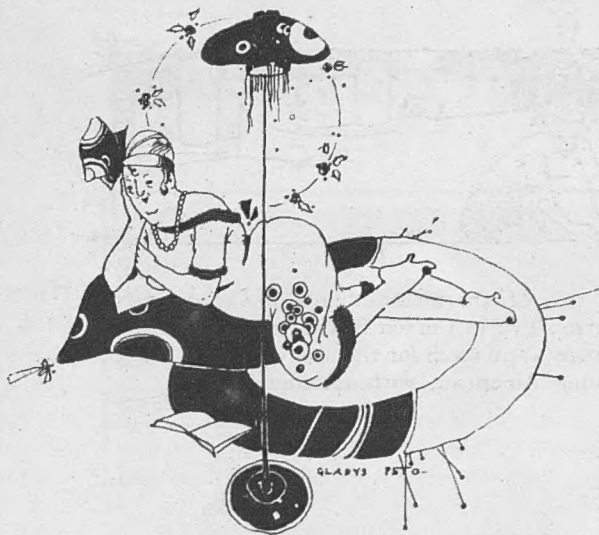
The Prince, no, she wasn't thinking of him; Carpentier, no; Mr. Robert Loraine, no; Lord Robert Cecil, no. I mentioned many other runners, but failed to name the hero. I tried shaggy artists and debonair peers.

"Viscount Churchill or Earl Howe," I said.

"No," said Mariegold, "but, by the way, I was very interested in the Howe-Dufferin wedding, in Down Street. Down Street is nothing more than a Tube station to most people; to Lord Howe and his family it's one of the big highways leading from the green pastures of Piccadilly to Lord Howe's own special corner of London. His son, Lord Curzon—not the Kedleston variety, of course—was at the wedding, and a whole lot of other people from round the corner. He himself



3. There is no possibility of the Proffeteins forgetting anyone. They are sending a silver-mounted Christmas card to everyone they've ever met—and to several people they haven't whose addresses Miss Proffetein looks up in the telephone book.



4. Aunt Babsie is sending everyone one of her latest photographs—in an "on the floor" pose that is now so fashionable.

less need for intermediaries. That's the real democracy of our time."

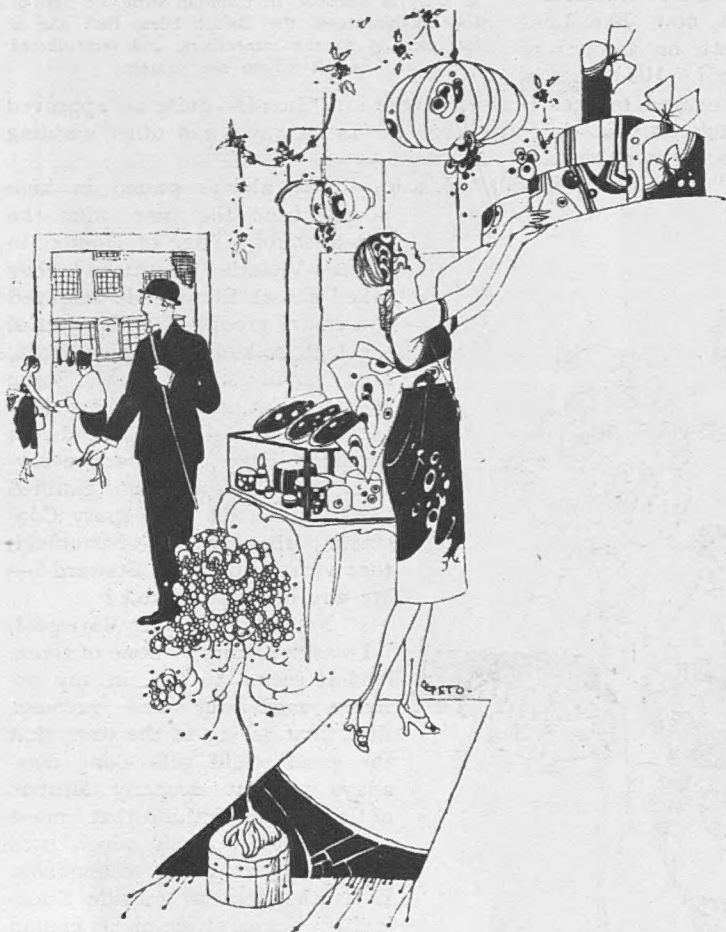
"Oh," I said, an idea dawning on me when she mentioned silk stockings; "I think your unnamed hero must be somebody connected with this reformed-dress-for-men crusade. You're a Mr. Henry Parkes young person; you've been to the Imperial Hotel to see his coloured suitings; you've fallen in love with a purple trousering and a pink waistcoat!"

"No, I know none such," said Mariegold; "but still I'm inclined to give the colours a trial—on you! Will you take me to Mr. Henry Parkes, and let me help to fit you out?"

"For heaven's sake, Mariegold," I answered, "do not trifle with me. Nip that notion in the bud, or there will be trouble. I know you well enough to fear the worst—that you will become a red-hot reformer with me for mannequin."

"But in the New Year," she pleaded, "you will then have a red overcoat, to please me, won't you?"

Then the ecstatic look came back into her eyes, and I pressed her hard for an explanation.



5. Algy is giving Angela a wonderful box of Turkish Delight. She much prefers chocolates; but Algy doesn't much care for them, and revels in Turkish Delight.

"Oh!" she said, almost blushing; "he's not important, you wouldn't even know his name; but he dances! When you mentioned the Prince of Wales just now, you were getting warm—I mean they both dance with the same subtlety and exquisite sense of rhythm."

that rather breaks in upon the old reserve of Palace precincts."

"But we will never get back to the full formalities," said Mariegold. "The Churchills, the Spencers, the Arthur Murrys, the Howes are, metaphorically, on their last legs—beautiful legs, I grant, in the silk stockings of their Court gear. But the King and the Prince are now in touch with the people; there's

"The Prince was dancing the other night," she went on, "at the Duchess of Sutherland's, and a friend of mine who was there feels towards him much in the same way as I feel towards my king of dancers—my partner of partners. I took him the other night (we all have to take a man now) to a dance in Belgrave Square. Everybody danced well, but he better than them all."

"Tell me what a really good dance is like," I said.

"Well, first of all it's small, quite small, like the Duchess of Sutherland's. Then the dancing itself is extraordinarily gentle and restrained. Is it not odd that the music should be so ram-pageous and fierce, and the steps so full of quietness and hesitation? There was only a piano, with one of the great dance-music men playing, and a man beating on a drum with his hands, and between them they managed to make a lot of barbaric noise; and there we were, not at all barbaric, moving about a perfect floor—hardly moving at times, because it is all a matter of suspended movement, of arrested motion; the wilder the music, the more subtle the dancing! Do you get any idea of it? But no you can't, without being a dancer."

"And yet," said Mariegold, "some elusive sensations do get put into words, just as some of the most exquisite sights in nature get put into paint. I went this morning to see the Brabazon water-colours in Henrietta Street, near Cavendish Square. Hercules Brabazon—Brabazon was his name—a name of might and muscle, and yet its bearer had a gentle witchery equal to Turner's. He was the amateur in excelsis. When, towards the end of his life, Sargent and other friends persuaded him to have an exhibition, he wired the day before asking to cancel it; he couldn't bear the idea of making public his sacred, personal creations. But it was too late, and he woke the next morning to find himself famous, quite against his will and inclination."

"He alone among painters could set down the beauty of the Riviera—a coast washed with transfiguring sunlight. When I feel badly in need of Mentone or, better still, Amalfi, I look at my own few Brabazons."

"But people still go abroad," I said. "Perhaps Henrietta Street would not suffice in all cases."

"Of course not. Brabazon is only a makeshift; an attempt at a consolation. People have good reasons for going. The Duchess of Norfolk, for instance, is in France with her children—that is the easiest way for the little Duke to get perfect French. Brabazon can't give him the right accent!"

"He's a likely youth, I'm told, already," I said; "he's quite the Duke! That was the impression, anyway, of a friend who saw him at Arundel, just before he went abroad. He does the honours of the Castle and the view with the air of one who has already mastered the situation, and knows what it means to own great acres in a great county."

"Lady Aberconway is in lovely Antibes," said Mariegold, "and Lord and Lady Cowdray are at Biarritz, and do think of not returning till the spring. Lucky people! Early in the New Year Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston are going to motor from Paris to Cannes. They too are lucky. How I long to go swishing again past the avenues of poplars on the French roads. And Lady Sefton has just left for East Africa, and Mr. and Mrs. Chesterton are off to Palestine."

"As for me," she went on, "I'm going to make the most of England; there will be no dancing in East Africa, and none for 'G. K. C.' in Palestine. We've got the Hunt Balls to work through, and the Chelsea Arts Club Ball in the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve. It won't be quite so subtle as Belgrave Square, but it will be amusing."



6. Angela is buying for him a delightful box of Egyptian cigarettes. He detests them—preferring any kind of Virginian—particularly the humble "Silver Drop"; but Angela likes the Egyptian brands.

PLAYING A TRAGIC PART: A PRINCIPAL AT THE STRAND.



IN "THE CRIMSON ALIBI": MISS KYRLE BELLEW AS MARY GARRISON.

The murder mystery in "The Crimson Alibi," at the Strand, is very murderous and very mysterious. Mary Garrison, the servant girl, played by Miss Kyrle Bellew, is entangled in the affair, and to save

her lover, who is in reality her husband, from suspicion, she takes the crime on her own innocent shoulders. Her husband, however, is as guiltless as she. Miss Kyrle Bellew is Mrs. Arthur Bouchier.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

IN PARADE ORDER: THE C.-IN.-C. OF THE 18TH HUSSARS.

WITH HER REGIMENT'S BADGE ON HER TOQUE: THE QUEEN.

Queen Mary is the Colonel-in-Chief of the 18th (Queen Mary's) Royal Hussars, and on the occasion of her recent inspection of the regiment, her Majesty wore the badge in the front of her toque, as

shown in our photograph. The Queen is also Commandant of Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps, that being the only other military title which she has honoured by her acceptance.

Photograph by Lafayette.



CHRISTMAS EVE in Paris is just going to be like no other Christmas Eve that ever was. It will be the concentrated essence of six Christmas Eves. If the date Dec. 24 has figured in the calendar, as I presume it has, it hasn't managed to get off the calendar since 1913. You would have thought that last year it would have been the great "let-it-rip" night. Nothing of the kind. Christmas festivities in France are controlled by the police. If the police say "Rejoice!" we rejoice. If the police say "Go to bed!" we go to bed. In England you have private parties; and, above all, you have family functions. In France, the innocent pleasure of watching father carve the turkey, and of teasing blushing Cousin Mary, and of playing Bears or Red Indians with Jack—who "is getting quite a man"—is not the typical way of spending Christmas. Instead, after packing off the children early to bed, "because Père Noël may come at any moment," we want to go to the restaurant—a rather more expensive restaurant than we would ordinarily choose—and we want to be jammed in the crowded theatres, and we want to go to the public ball where the high jinks are even higher and jinkier than usual, and we want to sit and shout and sing in the cafés, consuming champagne and eating three suppers, and we certainly don't want to go home till daylight doth appear. So, you see, if the Prefect is hard-hearted enough to insist on early closing, Christmas cannot be Christmas.

Of course, the Prefect in whose hands are placed the destinies of *pâté de foie gras*—even the poorest people eat *pâté de foie gras* at Christmas—takes his cue from the Government; and, for the first time since that far-off epoch when most waiters in France were Germans, are we told that curfew shall not ring to-night. I am sure that there would have been a Revolution if permission had not been given to order a fresh bottle at four o'clock in the morning; we should have descended into the *rues* armed with ham-bones. But now that we are bidden to be merry, I really wonder if we shall not find that we have forgotten the art of nocturnal frolics. I can see gaiety at its height at midnight; but I can also see us nodding, nearly napping, at 2 a.m., and slinking silently away from the sleepy revels a little later. Anyhow, Paris is going to make a desperate effort to banish dull care and to deserve its old name of the Gay City—for one night only.

Some British friends inform me that, if I wish to taste genuine home-made plum-pudding, they are having the real article sent over by aeroplane. This is the latest craze. I don't know why plum-pudding cannot be sent in the ordinary way. But no dinner will soon be really *chic* if there is not some item on the *menu* that is brought to the guests, waiting in breathless expectation, by aeroplane. We ate haggis air-borne from London the other day. For a fashionable wedding in the British colony it is becoming almost *de rigueur* to have the cake delivered by flying-machine. Then there has been a little sensation caused in the art world by the despatch of a picture valued at a million francs by air-post—just as if it were a picture-postcard; while the most fragile and expensive porcelain is supposed

to be safer in the hands of an airman than in the hands of the customary carriers.

Our troubles do not grow less, but Christmas is certainly not a time for gloom. Not that we are ever depressed—the French have a wonderful genius for treating things lightly while not losing sight of the serious side. I think the *chansonniers* who used to be chiefly confined to Montmartre are an admirable pick-me-up. They trot out at a moment's notice a new song about the topic of the hour, and, whether it is grave or gay, they find something *spirituel* to sing about it. Everything that happens in France gets put into a ballad. That helps to keep us in the brightest mood. But there are great changes to be noted in the world of *cabarets*. Montmartre is not what it was. The famous hill of joy is being deserted. All the best of the singers are coming down to the Grands Boulevards. Fursy and Bastia and many others have gone to the centre. They

have become, as it were, respectable, and have elegant and sometimes sumptuous little theatres. The old days when visitors were familiarly addressed in song on their entrance do not seem to be reviving. The *cabaret* has become an ordinary commercial place of entertainment. It has lost its primitive Bohemian character. Such well-known *cabarets* as the Quat'z-Arts and Le Moulin de la Chanson become dancing-halls.

Why is it that Ibsen—at least, played with a certain literary affectation which seemed appropriate and impressive before the war—appears so pale nowadays? There has been an attempt to revive him in Paris; and somehow everybody, even those who came to worship, had an uneasy feeling that there was something outmoded, something remote, in his tragic interrogatories. That he will remain one of the greatest dramatists is certain. But he dates. Perhaps that is our own fault: our taste has not improved these latter years. Still, we are revolting against some banalities. For instance, a film which would have passed muster a little while ago has been roundly hissed in several cinemas.

The Public certainly wants Carpentier, whom the oldest of the British music-halls in Paris, the Alhambra, booked at a fee of £1000 a week. That is, at any rate, what we are told. As

I am not responsible for the amount, I am content to let it go at £1000, and not haggle about a few hundreds here or there. Do not let us, at this season of the year, be mean. Moreover, in our enthusiasm, we are even debating whether the Académie Française should make him a member or not. The suggestion that he should be elected got seriously into print. An awfully nice boy, Carpentier, and some boxer; and he might even be useful in the compilation of the dictionary upon which the Académie is always engaged. (We have incorporated English boxing expressions into the language, and *round* and *ring* and *swing* and *upper-cut*, besides, of course, *knock-out*, must really be put into the dictionary.) But do you really think that Carpentier deserves to be condemned to the dull society of some of the old fogies of the Académie? Goodwill to all men!

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



AT HOME: MR. AND MRS. JACK HULBERT AND PAMELA.

Mr. Jack Hulbert, who is at present appearing in "Bran Pie," with his usual success, is married to Miss Cicely Courtneidge, the well-known actress, and daughter of Mr. Robert Courtneidge. Our photograph shows the Hulbert family, including Miss Pamela.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

ANOTHER SOCIETY WEDDING: AN IMPORTANT BRIDE-TO-BE.



The Spencer-Brassey engagement is one which will be of interest in Court circles; for the young couple are each related to ducal families, and Viscount Churchill, father of the bride-to-be, has been closely associated with the three last Sovereigns of England. He made his début as a page to Queen Victoria at the age of 12, and has held many Court appointments.

ENGAGED TO MR. CECIL BRASSEY: THE HON. IVY SPENCER.

Society weddings are coming quickly one after another, and the announcement of the engagement of the Hon. Ivy Spencer, eldest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Churchill, means another important wedding in the near future. The bride-to-be is in her early 'twenties, and is the eldest daughter of Viscount Churchill, and a kinswoman of the Duke of

Marlborough. Lady Churchill is a daughter of the third Earl of Lonsdale, and a sister of the present Earl. Mr. Cecil Brassey, the bridegroom-to-be, is in the 1st Life Guards. He is the eldest son of Major Leonard Brassey, M.P., and Lady Violet Brassey, of Apethorpe Hall, Peterborough, and a grandson of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

Photograph by Sarony.

A SALOP SHOOT: THE GUNS



AT THE COVERT SIDE: THE HON. ARTHUR HOLLAND HIBBERT.



WITH HIS RETRIEVER: MR. ROGER PLOWDEN.



ON THE ALERT



ACCOMPANIED BY HER LABRADOR: MRS. QUINTIN DICK.



WAITING FOR THE

Captain Quintin Dick, the well-known sportsman and High Sheriff of Co. Wicklow, has recently been entertaining at Walcot Park, Lydbury, North Salop. Our photographs were taken at one of his pheasant shoots, when the guns included Lord Roundway, the Hon. Arthur Holland-Hibbert,

SPEAK AT WALCOT PARK.



COLONEL PRYSE DAVIES.



IN THE LAKE: MRS. QUINTIN DICK'S RETRIEVER
HAS A WET TRIP.



BIRDS: LORD ROUNDWAY.



WITH CAPTAIN QUINTIN DICK: MRS. ERNEST TURNER.

brother of Lord Knutsford; Colonel Pryse Davies; and Mr. Roger Plowden. Mrs. Quintin Dick, who, before her marriage, was Miss Lorna Penn Curzon, is a keen sportswoman, and has a particularly clever Labrador retriever of her own, who appears in our photographs.—[Photographs by S. and G.]

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

APPROACH, fair Muse of Pantomime. Draw nigh, oh spirit of a thousand transformation scenes. Hang around whilst we are putting on our coats and tying up our mufflers, sweet Harlequinade. For the season of the topical song with spot-light on principal boy, the eerie scene in the Giant's Boudoir in which all the tables and chairs come to life and take part in a Grand March Past of all the Allies or the Coalition or the shareholders of Drury Lane or something, and the perfunctory, ritual performance of the Clown and his ever-old, ever-new adventures is indubitably upon us.

Upon us as well is the *n*th revival of "Peter Pan," which always compensates for the detestable Kensington affectation of his adult votaries by the charm of the real children's real enjoyment. Ourselves (editorially speaking), we saw Peter early in his first season, and we have been so revolted by the insincere and attitudinising admiration of elderly enthusiasts that we have never been near him since. But we wish, all the same, that we were young enough to feel the mysterious call of the Redskins, the tug at our heart-strings (heart strings are a thoroughly seasonable portion of the anatomy—everybody is wearing them this year) of the Stevensonian pirates, and the eternal wistfulness, so dear to all old maids, sentimental bachelor uncles, and head-mistresses of Educational Establishments for the Daughters of Gentlewomen, of Wendy.

But the real thing, for all the pretty little children's plays about "Little Popsy and the Rainbow Sprites" and "Hetty and the Pixies," is the more substantial article that is put on the market by the robust, the exuberant, the more than maternal Muse of Pantomime. The excursions of literary men into the realms of Christmas drama have an interest. But, believe me (or should I—we—I mean one—say "believe us"? I really don't know), the Goods are far more probably to be found, both by children and by their adult conductors (and conductresses) in the noise and blaze and clamour



PRINCIPALS FOR "CINDERELLA" REHEARSING: MR. STANLEY LUPINO AND MR. WILL EVANS, OF DRURY LANE.

Photograph by C.N.

and brightness of the (Arthur) Collinseum than in the more subdued glow of the intellectualised Christmas play that came into vogue late in the reign of Edward VII. Up, the Victorians!

Pantomime is a serious business, and it deserves to be so treated. One should begin—a religious adherence to tradition is always a help

on these frankly ceremonial occasions—with a darkish front-scene which serves as introduction by contrast to the more brilliant and extensive splendours that lie behind. There should appear in it a number of supernatural persons who display an unnatural interest in the fortunes of such mortals as "young Jack," "the brave Aladdin," and "poor Cinderella," and other individuals whose names admit of convenient treatment in heroic verse. There should be something in the nature of an altercation between a young lady (good) and an agile male in greenish tights (bad). Then the curtain is at liberty to go up on . . .

Scene II.: The Market-Place at Peking or High Holborn on Fair-Day or Downing Street during the Railway Strike, or whatever the imaginative gentleman who writes the programmes may choose to call that populous stage surrounded by canvas shops on which large numbers of young ladies await the arrival of the principal characters. They generally indicate that they are waiting for them by pointing with hands upraised in expectation towards the back of the stage. To whom enter a man dressed as a woman (old) and a woman dressed as a man (young). And then the Pantomime is properly begun.



DRURY LANE'S PRINCIPAL GIRL REHEARSING: MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON.

Drury Lane is going to give us "Cinderella" as our pantomime fare this year, and everyone will be pleased to know that Miss Florence Smithson is to be principal girl.—[Photograph by C.N.]

It is in every particular a noble institution. There is about it an unvarying quality which it shares with such established features of European life as the Lord Mayor's Show, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the Derby, and Lord Chaplin. You never can quite remember, when you are listening to that topical song, or watching the unfolding magnificences of "The Wedding Feast in the Magic Palace," whether you are eight or eighteen or eighty. The political jokes may be about Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law; the war which causes the principal boy to draw her manly (and practicable) sword may be the Crimean, the South African, or the European. The funny man may arrive on one of those new-fangled velocipedes (1819), in one of Mr. George Stephenson's marvellous new Steam Trains (1839), on a high bicycle (1889), or a low bicycle (1899), in a real oil-driven automobile (1909), or by Handley-Page (1919)—but the effect is just the same. And it is a good effect. Reformers should be prevented, by force if necessary, from laying their unholy hands on Pantomime. Fluffy little children's plays are all very well in their way, and most enjoyable for a certain type of adult. But for the real *clientèle* of the Christmas theatre (over two and under ninety) real Pantomime is the thing. *Évitez les contrefaçons!*

CALLING THE MOON: THE PAVANE OF THE WHITE PEACOCK.



IN HER POMP OF PLUMAGE: "DOLORES," OF THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES.

"Dolores," of the Ziegfeld Follies, has created a sensation at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, with her White Peacock Dance. This dazzling bird often appears in classical literature, and is supposed to bring the moon into the sky by dancing its pavane. Dolores, by the way, has perhaps worn more wonderful dresses than any woman in

the world, as she was for some years a famous mannequin, and has paraded in Fashion's finest fantasies. None of her dresses, however, can have been more lovely than her White Peacock plumage, as our photograph proves, and "Dolores" expresses the very spirit of proud and sumptuous beauty in her pose.—[Photograph by Geisler and Andrews, New York.]



SMALL TALK

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to all my readers, and I hope the domestic partition of turkey will be carried out with more happiness and success than the political operation which is still hanging fire. May no thought of the income tax notices hanging over our heads depress their spirits or diminish their charity even to Cabinet Ministers! But "a truce to compliments," as Mr. Bonar Law said on one famous occasion, coming to the hossaes.



TO MARRY MAJOR A. MACDOUGAL RITCHIE: MISS CHRISSIE MOORE. Miss Chrissie Moore, whose engagement to Brevet-Major Alan MacDougal Ritchie, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Dugald Ritchie, of Restholme, East Liss, Hants, has been announced, is the second daughter of Major-General the Hon. Sir Newton Moore and Lady Moore, of Cadogan Gardens.

Photograph by Bassano.

a "draw" in shows of this kind? If it does, one can't help feeling a little sorry for the people who have always been so ready to "oblige."

A Possible Solution.

May it not be that the Marchioness as Madonna stunt has been overdone? An

undiluted diet of tableaux, comedians, and "well-known" actors and actresses, with the same "turn" for every show begins to pall after a time. Couldn't the people who love to "promote" causes think of something new? Surely amongst all the undoubtedly talented people who "appeared" for charity during the war there must be someone capable of evolving a brand-new, original, never-has-been-done-before kind of thing that will rouse curiosity to paying pitch once more. Indifference to rank is not really the root of the trouble; but rank alone is not now enough—its owners have grown familiar during the years of war—amusement with rank is what is really wanted.

Kept Secret.

Secret, or at least carefully guarded, engagements seem to be gaining in favour. Lady Ludlow's example a month or two back was followed by Lord Howe and Lady Dufferin, though in their case they did not manage to avoid the full description of the interesting ceremony in

the Press. One has come to regard Lord Howe so much as the Chamberlain of Queen Alexandra that no one seemed to connect his name with the list of eligible widowers, and the event came

as a surprise to all but the few intimate friends in the secret. Countess Howe is an American, the daughter of a New York banker, Mr. J. H. Davis, and by her marriage will be brought into close contact with royal circles, for her husband has been holding "Court" appointments for many years, and when Queen Alexandra appears in public Lord Howe is almost invariably a member of the group in attendance.

Looking for a House.

Alas and alas! the holder of house property is no respecter of persons, and the name of Queen Amélie has now to be added to the long list of people hunting for somewhere to live. It's no easier for an ex-queen than for the mother of eight to find a suitable home these trying times, when Mrs. Newrich has no hesitation in offering a rental twice that

within the means of merely a royal and very gracious lady. If and when she really does leave "Abercorn," Queen Amélie will be very much missed in the Richmond neighbourhood, assuming that nothing suitable can be found near her present home. Few women, whatever their birth, have the gracious manners and charming personality of King Manoel's mother, who, ever since she came to this country, has lived as simple a life as is permitted to a woman of her rank. Her Majesty was one of the most tireless of war-workers, her chosen field of operations being the Third London General Hospital at Wandsworth. Her activities were at first confined to patients too ill to take part in any of the amusements provided at the institution. Later, however, the Queen expressed a desire to become a

probationer and do real work. Thereafter her Majesty arrived regularly every morning, put on cap and apron, and proceeded to her work like any ordinary V.A.D. Her efforts were recognised by the bestowal of the Royal Red Cross, and it was more than a merely formal honour.

To Live in London.

In deciding to make her home in London instead of Clondeboy, the Dowager Lady Dufferin severs a connection of many years' standing. The decision is something of a shock to the tenantry, who had come to regard her as a fixture. The wife of "the last of the Great Diplomats," as the first Marquis has been described, has made at least one notable contribution to literature in the form of a volume of memoirs published two or three years ago, dealing with the days when her husband was Ambassador at St. Petersburg and Constantinople (1879-1884). She was courageous enough to say that Egypt was far too much idealised, and, in general, never indulged in merely "fashionable" praise of climates, countries, courts, or individuals.



ENGAGED TO MR. FREDERICK HUTH JACKSON: MISS HELEN VINOGRADOFF.

Miss Helen Vinogradoff is the only daughter of Professor Sir Paul and Lady Vinogradoff, of Linton Road, Oxford. Her engagement to Mr. Frederick Huth Jackson, son of the Rt. Hon. Frederick and Mrs. Huth Jackson has been announced.

Photograph by Hassano.



THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF AN EARL: THE HON. MRS. G. A. V. BERTIE.

The Hon. Mrs. G. A. V. Bertie is the wife of Colonel the Hon. George Aubrey Vere Bertie, late Coldstream Guards, son of the sixth Earl of Abingdon, and is the daughter of Sir Walter Farquhar, Bt.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]



THE WIFE OF ULSTER KING OF ARMS: LADY BEATRIX WILKINSON.

Lady Beatrix Wilkinson is the daughter of the fourteenth Earl of Pembroke, and the wife of Major N. R. Wilkinson, C.V.O., F.S.A., A.R.E., Ulster King of Arms and Knight Attendant of the Order of St. Patrick.

Photograph by Bassano.



ENGAGED TO MR. FRANCIS PHILLIPS, M.C.: MISS EILEEN MANDER.

Miss Eileen Mander is the eldest daughter of Captain J. H. Mander, Chief Constable of Norfolk, and Mrs. Mander, of Thorpe St. Andrew, Norwich. She is engaged to Mr. Francis Phillips, M.C., second son of Sir Lionel Phillips, Bt., and Lady Phillips, of Rutland Lodge, Petersham, and Johannesburg, South Africa.

Photograph by Bassano.

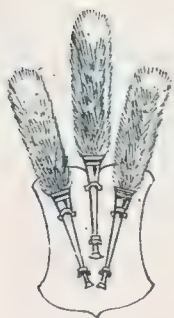
WITCHING THE WORLD WITH NOBLE HORSEMANSHIP.



IN FULL CRY; THE KILLING KILDARES.



TAKING HOUNDS TO FRESH COVER: THE MASTER, MAJOR E. F. TALBOT-PONSONBY.



A LOST SCENT: DRAWING OFF THE HOUNDS.

Even in these troublous times of peace, every good Irishman or Irishwoman will admit that there's one occasion when all worry leaves one—and that's when hounds are in full cry with a breast-high scent, for care cannot sit behind the horseman. Our page shows the Killing


Kildares; the photographs, which were taken at a meet at Newbridge Barracks, give some idea of the fine open country over which Major Talbot Ponsonby hunts his famous pack. The Killing Kildares are one of the best-known hunts in Ireland.—[Photographs by S. and G.]

THE BEAST-WITHIN WE HAVE TO SUBDUE.



II.—WHEN WE DISCOVER THAT IT IS NOT GOING TO BE A “PUSSYFOOT” DINNER AFTER ALL!

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



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Fancy Cluster Ring £50.

Fancy Cluster Ring £47-10.

Sleeve Links
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Studs £47-10
Set of 2.

Earrings
£140 per pair

Earrings
£160 per pair

Scarf Pin
£40.

Fancy Cluster Ring £60.

Fancy Cluster Ring £90.

Brooch £280.

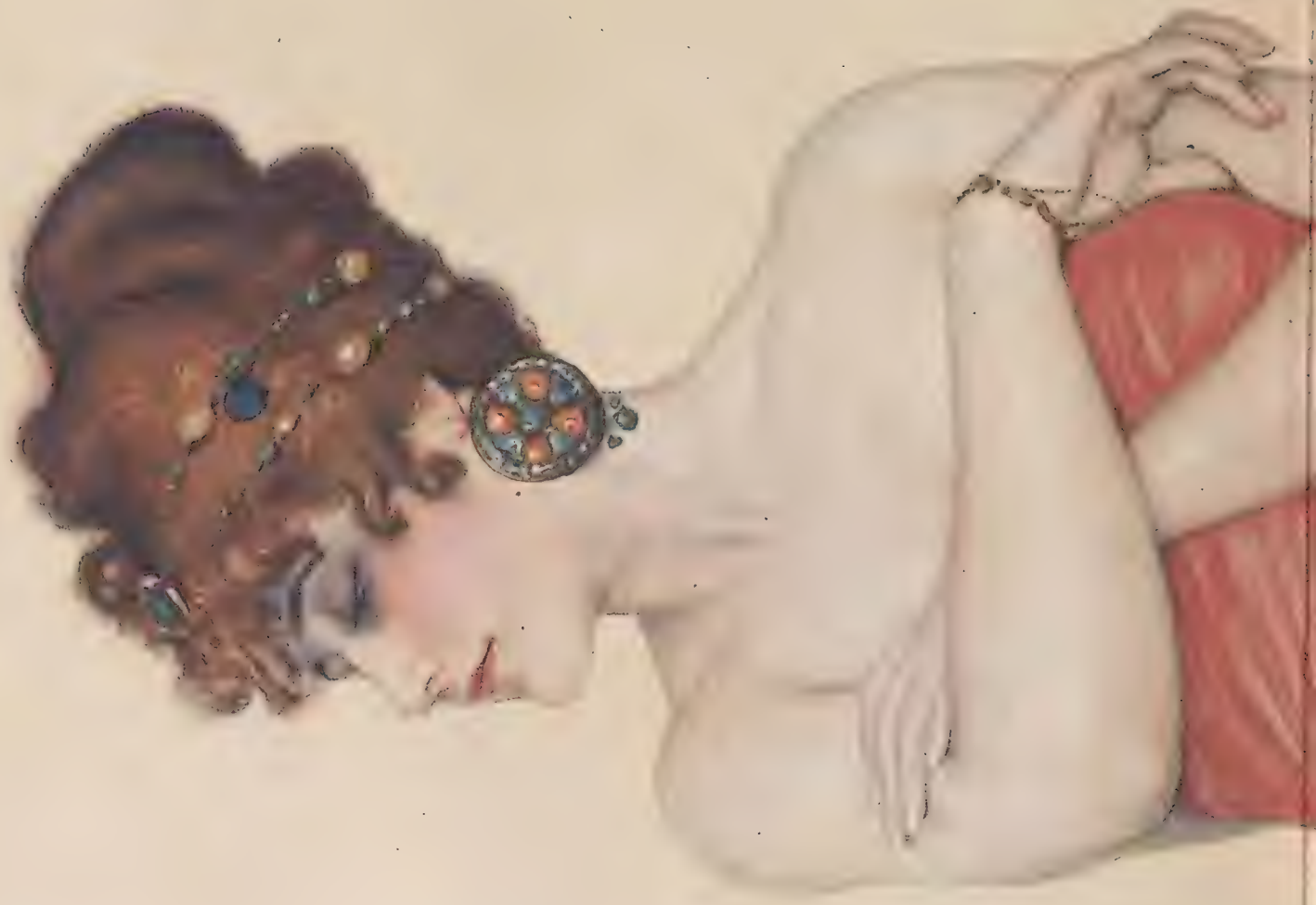


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AT HOME: MISS CICELY DEBENHAM.



OFF TO THE THEATRE: GETTING READY.



"I MUST GO NOW": STEPPING INTO HER CAR.



IN THE GREEN ROOM: MAKING UP.

Miss Cicely Debenham, who always delights us, is at her best in her big rôle in "Who's Hooper?" at the Adelphi. She has let our photographer into the secrets of her home life in these photographs,

taken at her private house, and in her dressing-room at the theatre. They show that the sparkling charm which delights us when we see her on the stage hangs about every moment of Miss Debenham's life.

Photograph by Tom Aiken

ON SHOW IN PARIS: LA



1. PARISIAN MODES AND MANNEQUINS: MAQUET MODELS.

4. POIRET AT THE SALON: A SIMPLE FROCK.

5. THE NEW DÉCOLLETAGE: A POIRET PERSUASION.

Even with the indications supplied by the models exhibited in the Dress Section of the Salon, it is hard to gauge the real inclination of that charming minx, Dame Fashion. She coquets with Victorian fullness, and uses the "waterfall" effect of our grandmother's day as a pannier of black velvet; but, again, she clings to the tight, straight skirt for the *costume tailleur*. She still believes in the "chemise frock," and

MODE AMONG THE ARTS.

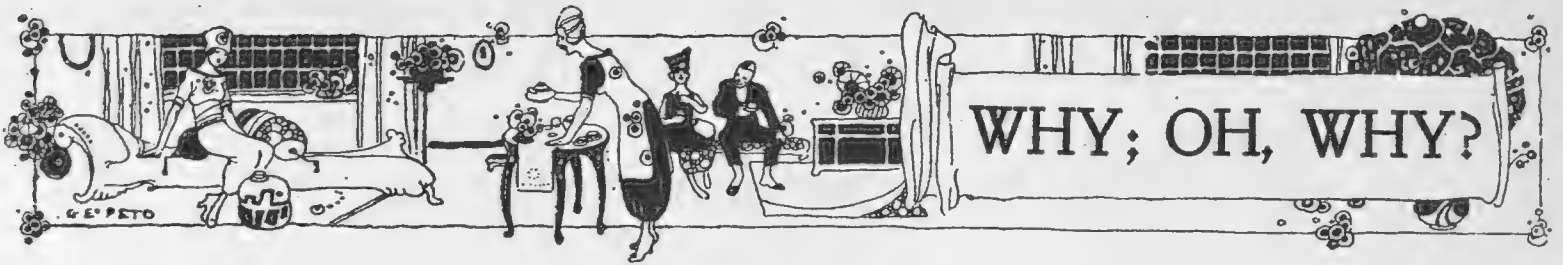


2. THE WATERFALL PANNIER: A MAQUET SALON EXHIBIT.

3. THE MONKEY "TAILLEUR": A MOLYNEUX FANTASY.

6. FURS AND FULLNESS: IN MAQUET'S SHOWROOM.

yet she hints at voluminous skirts in a fur-trimmed velvet. She is décolletée in evening gowns, but lays a fold of material almost like a collar round her devotee's white neck! Yet with all her inconsistencies, has she ever been more charming, more elusive, and more wholly feminine than to-day?—[Photographs Nos. 1, 2, and 6, by Agid; No. 3, by Wyndham; Nos. 4 and 5, by Delphic.]



LONDON, as the year Nineteen trails wearily off the stage, is a queer, queer thing, as the American said of the British Empire. Crowned with a galaxy of all that is best and brightest (see small bills), it seems to carry a thicker crust of unpleasant-seeming persons than it has ever worn. The Vulgarians, as you may say, have scaled the Capitol, and it is only the cackling

of such prescient geese as modesty forbids one further to identify that may yet save the state from this detestable invasion. Because it is a Really Serious Matter—and our address for service of writs is (if one may adopt the admirable firm of solicitors once created by Mr. Arnold Bennett) Messrs. Slosson, Hodge, Budge, Slosson, Mavingham and Vulto, of 93, New Court, Carey Street, W.C.2. So there!

At the Writs . . . dear me, how one's mind does run on the law!—I meant the Ritz . . . the other evening there was a man—oo, a nasty man—with waistcoat buttons of the type that jewellers offer very rich people in a very great hurry to get a present for somebody whom they very much dislike. The diamonds were all round them, and the things themselves looked horribly like that worthless

**"PLUM" WARNER'S YOUNGEST:
THE SON OF A FAMOUS CRICKETER.**

Baby Warner is the youngest son of Captain Pelham Francis Warner, the famous cricketer, who captained the M.C.C. team in Australia and South Africa. Mrs. Warner is the daughter of the late Mr. Henry Arthur Blyth; she and Captain Warner have two sons and one daughter.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

but fashionable little mineral, the onyx. It was, on his swelling waistcoat (white, for gents' evening wear) a Bad Business. The only adequate comment is the adorable William's: "And then there came a carriage full of flowers."

And there were feminine trimmings to match—in a rich rococo style that would go well with bad Buhl furniture and heavily gilded Louis (Louis the what? Oh, just Louis, you know) drawing-room chairs. Sat somewhere near them an incredible head crusted with diamonds. 'Seems a mistake somehow, with all the rich men trying to convince their Income Tax Surveyor that they are poor men really, and that they spend all the money they earn in the terrible expense of earning it. But then, of course, we don't sell £50,000 Romneys to America every day, do we?

A notable feature is the increasing output of people in an Empire style of decoration. You see them now drifting about in all directions and looking exactly as though they were what Mr. Max Beerbohm, in the finest of his unpublished works, has called:

an underling
Of (say) the Empress Josephine.

They are got up to match David pictures and furniture alive with brass gryphons and gilded sphinxes, and they look a trifle severe in the lighter surroundings of the contemporary restaurant.

One wonders a little whether this new practice of matching one's furniture with one's get-up will be consistently maintained when the Victorian Revival comes in full circle and the cry is all for wax flowers and alabaster busts of the late Prince Consort. Because some of them will look a Fair Treat in the shawls and bonnets of their grandmothers. And some, again, will Not.

Meanwhile they are anticipated by their gentlemen in the drive backwards into early Nineteenth Century forms of fashion. Because numbers of them are indulging in the most distressing forms of facial landscape-gardening just in front of their ears. Some of them look quite right and just like Johnny Walker. But others are rather inclined to favour the bullfighter or that still less pleasing phenomenon, the Really Smart Man of the year 1913. The small whisker, which would have aroused the ever-ready suspicion of the late Frank Richardson, is not a serious matter in itself, but the trouble, as in the case of the first drink of a lifetime, lies less in what it is than in what it leads to. Are we, oh, are we to see the full, pendent blonde or raven face-fitting of the *Siècle de Sothorn* in its complete exuberance and neglect of sanitary precautions? Spare us! We have gone through a great deal in these later years, and our nerves are far, far too overwrought to face such faces.

Meanwhile here's wishing you all a tolerable Xmas and a not wholly unbearable New Year! May you enjoy the familiar annual flavour of dust as you crawl round the floor on all fours and emit jaguar noises to the delight of the rising generation, and may, oh may the mince-pies, the pudding, the turkey, the now decontrolled sausages, and the stuffing not lie too heavy on your deserving chest! You have earned, most of you, a decent time this Xmas. Because the year Nineteen, which began with such glowing anticipations of the Millennium, has not been much fun after all. The genuine rejoicings of November, Eighteen, degenerated into the



THE WIFE OF A GENERAL: LADY CHAUVEL.

Lady Chauvel is the wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Chauvel, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., of the Australian Permanent Staff, who commanded General Allenby's cavalry in Palestine and Syria, and the second daughter of Mr. G. Keith Jopp, of Karaba, Brisbane.

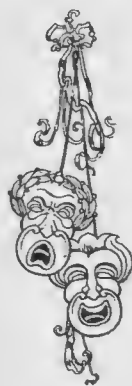
Photograph from the painting by P. A. Hay, R.I.

machine-made festivities of the summer, and the high hopes entertained by the successful candidates at the General Election for a general cohabitation of lions with lambs received quite a considerable number of nasty jolts from a number of different quarters. However, 'merry Xmas all the same to everybody—including the stony-hearted authors of next week's bills!

AN ACHIEVEMENT IN STYLE: "SYLVIA'S LOVERS."



AS PRINCESS CLÉMENTINE DE BOURDALOUE: MISS BETTY CHESTER.

SYLVIA: MISS DESIRÉE
ELLINGER.WITH JACQUET (MR. JOE NIGHTINGALE): PRINCESS
CLÉMENTINE (MISS BETTY CHESTER).

The title of "Sylvia's Lovers," the new—and very charming—light opera, produced by Mr. Nigel Playfair, at the Ambassadors', may suggest England in Press-Gang days; but the play is from Marivaux, not Mrs. Gaskell; and the scene is laid in France in the days of Louis le Bien-Aimé. The whole production is charming, and is an achievement

in style on which producer, dress-designers, and everyone to do with the opera should be congratulated. Miss Desirée Ellinger is a fascinating Sylvia; Miss Betty Chester is a brilliantly feminine Princess; Mr. Joe Nightingale is very drolly gross as Jacquet, the country lad. The music is particularly attractive.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



THE SATIRES OF CYNICUSS



THE DARK AGES OF PEACE AND SCARCITY.

BY MARTHE TROLY CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

"AND meanwhile what are the scientists doing? Why can't they help and find some sort of substitute for *It*? When you consider that ospreys can be made out of wood, pearls out of glue, seal capes out of rats, and titles out of soap, or beer, or bacon, why has not some be-spectacled or superior *savant* found something to replace coal and keep us warm and happy?"



"The road to romance."

his six feet odd to express his indifference, "that we fuss over things which really don't matter, or rather difficulties which could easily be surmounted. For instance, failing trains, we could go back gracefully to the delightful days of the diligence. It might improve our manners! It must have been no small strain on sociability to sit in a stuffy coach, with other human beings, and the same human beings at that, day after day. Yet it was also the road to romance, when, if you had the luck to travel with some entrancing creature, you could watch the slow and satisfying unfolding of your idyl. You can only get that sort of thing on a long-crossing liner nowadays. Express trains afford no such philandering possibilities."

"I'd rather philander when my feet are not cold and my temper hot," I reflected. "Your diligence idea does not appeal to me at all, except on midsummer nights, by which time we'll have coal to burn—perhaps!"

"And there is horseback," suggested Cynicuss. "A woman looks so well on a horse, and she would have to be escorted across country—I always had a penchant for the profession of courier-companion."

"And the luggage," I objected. "One can't live in breeches; how could one carry clothes?"

"Oh, women need so little in the way of dress nowadays—a skirt and two yards of ribbon for shoulder-straps, and there is an evening frock, light and fashionable. As for furs, they could be rolled up behind the saddle—they would come in handy as blankets, in case one should have to spend cold nights in fields or forests."



"How to keep warm during a coal-shortage."

I shuddered—"I think I'd prefer a limousine!" "Prosaic soul," censured Cynicuss. "Besides, all private cars would be commandeered, I expect, to carry champagne and caviare and cinema films and other necessities of life."

"One could fly——"

"Two could much better," he said; "but there would not be enough *avions* to go round."

"Then there only remain our two legs!" I sighed.

"Two very good reasons for thankfulness," he replied comfortingly.

"Apropos of the Gilbertian revival," I said, to show I knew your classics. "And you forget stilts," I suggested, "as used in the Landes from Bordeaux to Biarritz—you know, those long wooden things upon which shepherdesses, in their short skirts, look like flowers on two stems. And motor-scooters, neat and swift!"

"But so unsociable!" he sighed. "On the whole, better remain stranded in Paris!"

"No," I protested, "anywhere else, in these cold, cruel, coal-less days! Not in Paris, where one must not be *absinthe*-minded after eleven! And where your favourite 'Dancing' may at any moment be closed by the authorities, for reasons of coal economy! Paris will have to abdicate its ancient and noble title of Ville Lumière as well as its pet name of the Gay City."

"Yes," assented Cynicuss. "Good old London isn't such a bad place after all, even for English people. It's doing its best to be up-to-date. In fact, it is becoming bewildering. Its compressed time tabloids adopted from America are sometimes indigestible. I had this evening, dining with me, a charming girl, who required all my attention and many attentions; but at the same time, other couples were dancing in the middle of the floor, a film was being shown on the wall, while the 'Swan' was sobbing its death agony on the violoncello. The result of so many good things was that I could not enjoy the tête-à-tête; the music spoilt the selection of the food (how can one discuss stuffed goose while listening to 'The Swan'?) I missed the supreme moment of the fifth reel; and the girl always would get up and dance before I had finished any course! London is getting so fed-up at being called dull—unjustly—that it is overdoing things a bit. But, to come back to Paris, I don't see why those spasmodic attacks on innocent 'Dancings' when it is so easy to combine economy and amusement by carrying-on without light or fuel."



"The swan was sobbing its death agony on the violoncello."

"Dancing in the dark?" I exclaimed. "Why not? Didn't we do it in London, during the raids? And no one complained—quite on the contrary! A few candles, perhaps, in the corners, as a concession to the Censor and Mrs. Grundy. The psychology of the picture palace patrons proves easily that one (or even more!) can be satisfied in a semi-obscurity."

"A splendid suggestion," I said; "but supposing that somehow, in the dark, one got hold of the wrong partner?"

"What will you?" shrugged Cynicuss—"that often happens in broad daylight!"



BARON'S DAUGHTER AND PEACE DÉBUTANTE: A NEW PORTRAIT.



THE YOUNGER OF LORD BASING'S GIRLS: THE HON. LYDIA SCLATER-BOOTH.

The Hon. Lydia Joyce Sclater-Booth is the youngest of Lord Basing's children, the eldest of whom is Captain the Hon. John Sclater-Booth. Lord Basing, C.B., is the second Baron, and a Brigadier-General, and

has served in two wars—"this one" and the South-African campaign. He has another daughter, the Hon. Joan Penelope, who is a year or two older.—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]

THE FIREMAN'S LAMENT.



THE FIRST FIREMAN: Wot's up, Bill? You're lookin' pretty doleful!

THE SECOND FIREMAN: 'Ere I am—bin up 'ere fer hours an' ain't 'ad even a chance of a smoke.

DRAWN BY GERALD HUDSON.

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SILK AND SCARLET.

THE decision that the highest weight in the Grand National shall not be above 12 st. 7 lb., and the lowest 9 st. 7 lb., is being variously criticised, and it is said, with a good show of reason, that even 3 st. would not bring Poethlyn back to a level chance with some of the minor celebrities who have quite a good title to go for this race. Personally, although I think that any horse that can gallop those four miles and a half over Aintree at the pace they go, with 12 st. 7 lb. up, is being asked to do, and is doing, all that he can reasonably be expected to do, if they had made the top weight 12 st. 10 lb., and the bottom 9 st., that would give the handicapper a range of nearly 4 st. without greatly penalising the top-weight.

While I think that Mrs Hugh Peel's horse in his present shape would carry 13 st. over Aintree and win, I do not hold, and never have held, with the sacrifice of a whale to let a minnow win. I hate to see a good horse turned into a cargo-boat, and similarly I like to see every owner sporting enough to start for the finest cross-country contest in the world get a chance; but if the range I have suggested were adopted—and, be it again remarked, it is 4 st. all but 2 lb.—anything that could not beat Poethlyn's class at 4 st. or thereabouts has no right to be in such a contest. In India, where I used to endeavour to perform, we had the bottom weight in horse jump races as low as 9 st., and in pony jump races lower still. When I have been very thin I have certainly ridden 8 st. 9 lb. in a pony jump race in India—and at the same time I have ridden 12 st. 7 lb. in a pony steeplechase on a 14.1. So there you are! It is a most vexed question, and weights that sometimes seem unfair and impossible prove to be otherwise.

Of course, out hunting horses gallop over quite as big fences as some of those at Aintree with 14 st. in the saddle; but then, most of it is live weight, and that makes all the difference. It's the weight-cloths that stop them. Poethlyn, for instance, ridden 14 st. by a really good welter who would not have to put up any weight-cloths would, in my opinion, still be a proposition for the National; but Poethlyn ridden by a 9 st. man, however good, with the rest all dead weight up to 14 st., would not be the same proposition. On the other hand, a 9 st. hunter would only be considered fit to carry a pair of boots, or a boy! And the National, in my view, is more like a quick thing with hounds in a flying country than any other race can ever be. The fences, it is true, are all of more or less uniform stiffness and size; whereas in a hunting run, whilst you may meet some "unavoidable leaps" that fair take your breath away, there are a few easy ones—perhaps! Anyway, I think that in the main the decision about the top and bottom weights is a fair one, though, at the same time, I consider it would be as well to have a general rule for all chases, and not a special one for Aintree, even though Aintree is a very special problem. If they even dropped the bottom weight to 9 st., that would be something; and there are any number of good jockeys to be had who can go to scale quite comfortably at that weight.

I observe that one of my confrères has a liking for Troytown, and mentions, in support of his fancy for this good Irish 'chaser, his victory in the big Paris Steeplechase in June. Personally, of course (although the big French 'chase is usually run at a smashing pace, and there is a good class competing), I do not think Auteuil is any test of jumping. Not that Troytown has not other credentials as well, because he has; but Auteuil is a 'trick-course, and not one's idea of what a 'chase course should be.

The fences, so far as I remember, are low and trappy, some of those with rails running through them being camouflaged by thin hedges—and the wall is also on the small side. The water is wide, and, if I recollect rightly, has a concreted bottom, which is wrong. Then again, what is the point of making them gallop up the one side and down the other of that raised road? Of course, if you are going straight across country in pursuit of a steeple, you may come across all sorts of funny things—even a glorified golf bunker like this; but it somehow or other seems an odd thing to have on a steeplechase course.

However, our French, and also our Italian and Belgian, friends have their own ideas about the making of the jumper and the things that he shall jump; and they certainly achieve some wonderful results both with their 'chasers and their show jumpers. Lutteur III., when he first came over, was a wonderfully well-schooled horse, and performed over Aintree like one of the very best, never putting a foot wrong. So who is to say that their methods of making them clever are wrong? Hunting as we know it here is unknown in France, though not so unknown in Italy; and I believe that to live with the hounds that hunt near Rome you want a timber-jumper of the very first order and all your courage.

The foreigners, of course, on their part criticise Aintree and say that it is one of the worst-shaped courses in the world. This is only partly true and only partly fair. The "hairpin" turn at the canal is open to this criticism, and I have often wondered why it has not been flattened a bit. I would either do that or cut out the next fence—the historic "Valentine's"; either that, or cut out the "canal

turn" ditch. In these days, when we are all out for reform, crusted precedent, if it is bad, ought not to stand a chance. But, bar the canal turn, I do not think that there is any criticism to be advanced against Aintree, as the only other baddish turn out of the straight after the water jump is nothing.

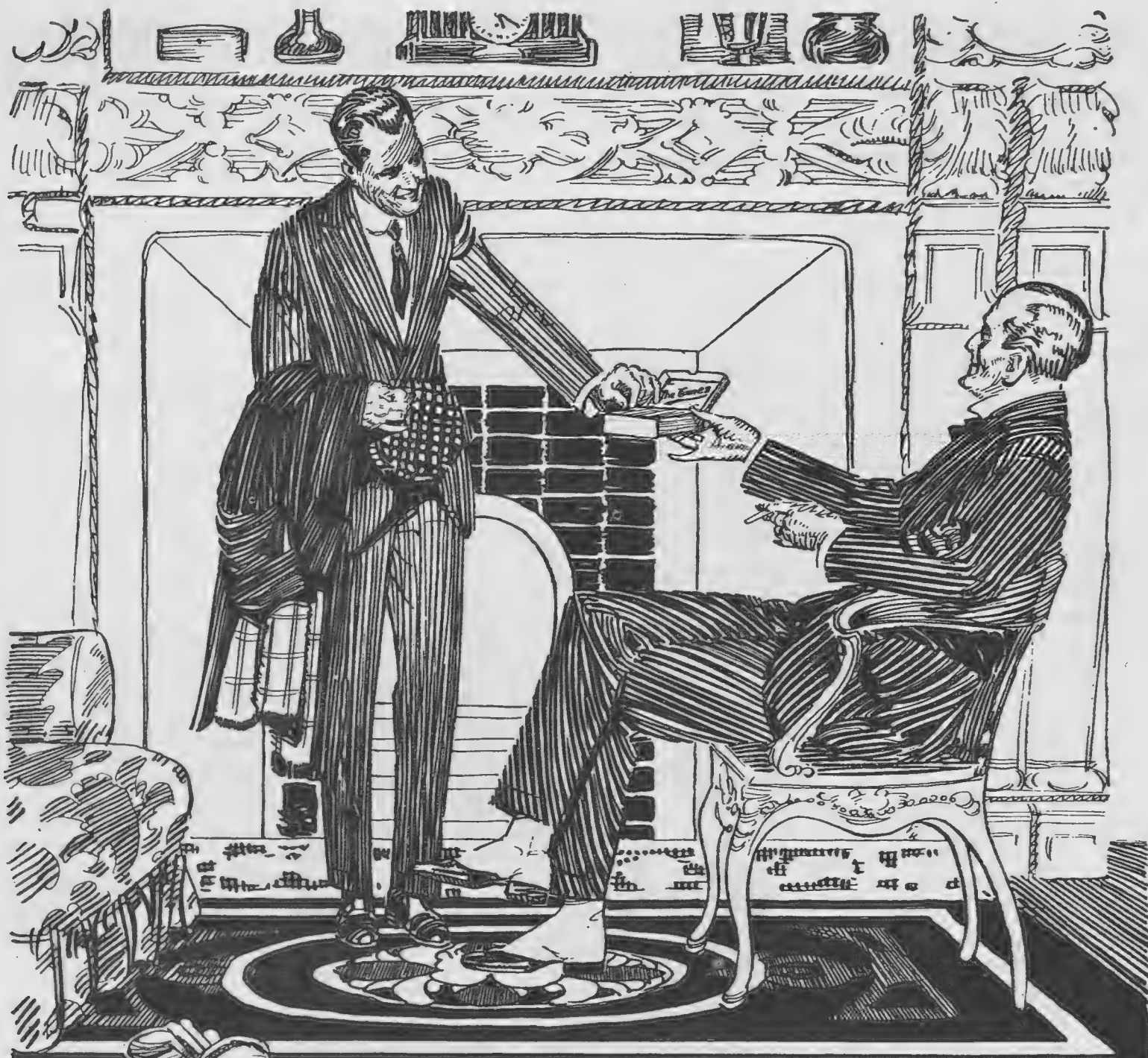
In any case, the Aintree course is nothing like as trying in lots of ways as it was about sixty years ago, for the going under foot is now sounder and better. In those old days the first field the competitors had to cross was clover root; the second, wheat—very heavy; the third, plough; the fourth, about 600 yards of plough; the fifth and sixth, seeds; the seventh, ploughed and harrowed; the eighth was, I believe, grass, and at the end of it they turned out over Becher's Brook; the ninth field was wheat, and very heavy, as a rule; the tenth, ditto; the eleventh was grass; and so

[Continued on page x.]



DIANA IN HER 'TEENS: MISS ANNETTE BRYCE-WILSON, POETESS AND SPORTSWOMAN.

Miss Annette Bryce-Wilson is the fourteen-year-old daughter of Major Bryce-Wilson. She made her debut at a concert last week, and is a clever poetess as well as an accomplished horsewoman. She is known as "Diana of the 5th Lancers," and could give anyone a lead bareback over the jumps in the riding school.—[Photograph by C.N.]



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No. 1.

The Smoker's Progress.

Well, good-bye, my boy! Do as well at the 'Varsity as you did at school and I'll be satisfied. Be careful how you choose your friends, the occupations you follow, and especially the cigarettes you smoke. Personally, I should recommend

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AEROPLANE ACCIDENTS AND THE SCANDAL MANIA.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

IF a couple of unlucky R.A.F. pilots had gone up on a new aeroplane on a cloudy day, and had come down in a heap through getting into a spin in a cloud, and had both been killed, nobody except their immediate relatives would have been particularly concerned over the affair. But when, as happened not long ago, two ex-flying officers competing for a big prize are killed in an accident, the whole population of the country is expected to take a vivid interest in their fate. At least, so one judged by the prominence given in some quarters to the death of two Australian officers. The precise reason for the immense publicity assigned to the accident was, perhaps, a trifle doubtful. One is by no means clear whether it was due to the fact that they were competing for the Australian Government's £10,000, or to the fact that somehow or other the idea was conveyed that all available evidence was not produced at the inquest, and that therefore there was a concealed scandal in the offing.

Scandal Mania. In these days the scandal mania seems to have taken the place in public esteem that the spy mania held in the early days of the war—until, in fact, the more intelligent members of the public discovered that the despised British Intelligence Departments ran a spy system which was far ahead of anything the stolid and unimaginative German could produce, and that as spies the Germans were very small beer. To-day it seems that it is a matter of patriotism to believe and to proclaim that, though we may be second-raters in a good many ways, we can at any rate beat the world in the production of scandals. Consequently, everything that the newspaper

if fresh evidence is forthcoming. The prime duty of a coroner and his jury is simply to find out whether the person whose case they are considering has been murdered or not. Other considerations are, in fact, outside their province, though they frequently do go outside it.

The Accidents Committee.

But, so far as aeroplane accidents in general—and this accident in particular—are concerned, it is, in fact, desirable that all available information should be made public, so that every shred of public distrust or suspicion about aeroplanes should be removed. There exists a body, known officially as the Accidents Committee, Air Ministry, whose duty it is to investigate technically and in detail all fatal aeroplane accidents in the R.A.F.; and, since civil aviation



AT THE NEW GALLERIES OF THE SCIENCE MUSEUM: THE AERONAUTICAL EXHIBITION.

Our photograph shows a corner of the Aeronautical Exhibition in the New Galleries of the Science Museum, South Kensington. On the right may be seen a portrait of Captain Sir John Alcock, K.B.E., the pilot who flew across the Atlantic.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

has come into being, their radius of action has been extended to include civilian crashes. It would be well if, in future, the findings of this highly experienced technical committee were published for the education of the public whenever a civil aviation accident is the subject of their investigations.

The Only Way.

Thus, and thus only, can the public be prevented from acquiring erroneous ideas. And, for the future good of civil aviation—and, incidentally, of an aircraft industry which is at present in a state of suspended animation—it is most desirable that such erroneous ideas should be avoided. If people once become suspicious either that flying is inherently dangerous or that aircraft firms endeavour to hide their sins under a bushel woven of skilfully twisted facts, then the ultimately unavoidable success of commercial and sporting flying is likely to be very considerably delayed. So far, happily, there have been so few

accidents in civil aviation that nobody feels in the least scared of flying.

Explain Accidents Frankly.

The great thing is to maintain this feeling of confidence, and it can only be maintained by full and frank explanation of such accidents as do occur. Even in the case of non-fatal accidents, it is as well to have an explanation, especially if there is any mystery about them. One has known quite good aeroplanes during the war acquire a bad name because a few mysterious crashes happened to several of the species; and in aviation the old saying "Give a dog a bad name and hang him" is particularly observed. When once the cause, generally quite simple, of these crashes has been explained, confidence in the type has again returned.



AT THE PRESENTATION OF THE FIRST 'CROSS-ATLANTIC MACHINE' TO THE NATION: SIR JOHN ALCOCK, K.B.E., AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM.

The Vickers-Vimy-Rolls in which Sir John Alcock and Sir Arthur Whitton Brown flew the Atlantic was presented to the nation by the two firms concerned in its manufacture, and is now on view at the Science Museum, South Kensington. It is a sister to the one piloted to Australia by Captain Ross Smith. Our photograph shows Sir John Alcock in uniform.—[Photograph by I.B.]

reporter does not understand or that the public cannot see at once is greeted as a concealed scandal.

The Functions of Coroners.

In the particular case mentioned the coroner refused to take the evidence of certain people in his court, who apparently proffered their testimony in an irregular manner. Whether the coroner excluded evidence which might have been of value or not, he certainly acted in a strictly regular way himself. There would be no end to inquests if everybody who wished to do so were allowed to get up and talk. Incidentally, the finding of a coroner's jury does not in any way prejudice any proceedings which may be taken thereafter by the Government or by private individuals

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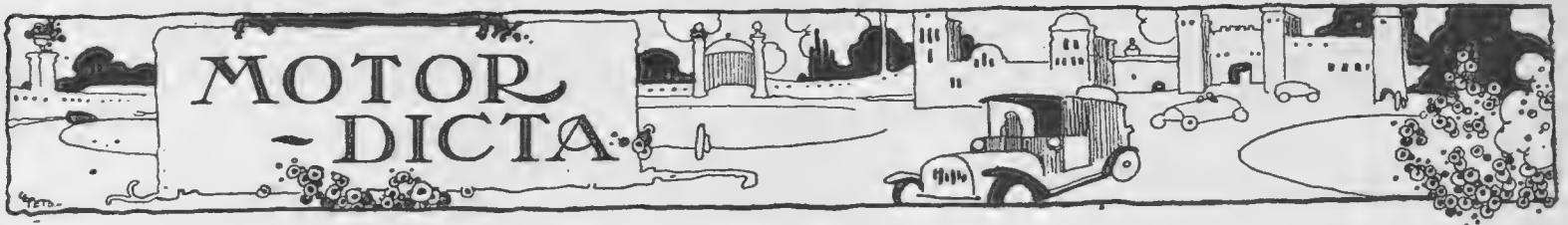
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AN OPTIMIST FOR ONE MORE CHRISTMAS.

By GERALD BISS.

IN these days one has got to brace oneself up to Yule pitch and the atmosphere of Christmas with even greater effort than before the war, and if it were not for the encouraging and altruistic advertisements of Christmas presents and Christmas fare—at what a price!—I believe the war would have added Yule to its long casualty-list. Last Christmas we made mediocre merry as an echo of the Armistice and talked about the wonderful post-war cars we should have by Christmas 1919, but where are they? How many, or rather how few, optimistic automobilists have lived up to the gay expectation of a year ago? To my mind 1919 will go down to history as one of the saddest and most misspent years of the whole age since the Creator looked down upon his handiwork and pronounced it good. Strikes, disputes, bungles, enmity and all uncharitableness, no production and a hold-up of reconstruction all round—a pitiful tale to tell at Yule without industrial goodwill or peace on earth, a huge catalysis of post-war hopes nearly as appalling as the world catastrophe of August 1914.

Cheerio, Auto! Yet withal I am still an optimist up to a point, and do not intend to be down-hearted this Yule. Leave that until next—if necessary. Apart from production—and surely in 1920 those two silly idiots dubbed Capital and Labour will get their numskulls together and make good, lest worse befall—the outlook is by no manner of means unpromising. Having tanked his way through to the monopoly of transport, "Little Eric" Geddes is showing great signs of being the automobile's best friend in the future, a misunderstanding which might have been cleared up from the very start, and road and traffic reforms now loom large on the right side—with a new Motor Car Bill in the near offing. I go so far myself as to prognosticate—what a word!—that with "Little Eric" still at the wheel of transport, 1920 will see the ending of the speed-limit and unjustifiable trapping, while really serious excesses will rightly be penalised more heavily. The questions of roads, lights, left-hand steering, taxation, fuel and everything else automobilious are at the moment under official inquiry, with motor-

Out of Encircling Gloom.

An you would get out of this all-encircling gloom, political and otherwise, try the effervescence of "Owen John" in his new motor book, "Towards the Sunshine," from the house of Cassell, which is described as "a guide for Daimler cars south-bound"; but I can assure you, as did Ernest Instone himself of that said company, it would fill the bill—if not pay it—for a Rolls, a Napier, a Lan- chester or any other car *de luxe*. Ebullient "Owen John," a man



DUCKS ON THE DUCK-BOARD: BRINGING HOME THE BAG.

The "duck-board," or "buck-board," which Mr. Grahame White introduced to the motoring world over here, is already very popular in America. Our photograph shows Mrs. Williams, of Boston, and Miss Alice Fiske, of New York, two Society sportswomen, on their way home after a good day's duck-shooting at Nestport, Mass.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]



THE OLD AND THE NEW: TRANSPORT ON THE WAY TO A MEET AT WROXTON.

The methods of getting to a meet nowadays are as varied as can be. Our photograph shows a party in a governess cart being passed by a couple of sportsmen on a motor-scooter, while a big limousine can be sighted behind. All three vehicles are on their way to a meet of the Warwickshire, at Wroxtton Abbey.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

ing fully recognised and represented; and that is what makes me determined to be an optimist this Yule—if for the last time! Give me production, and I shall not be downhearted for Capital, Labour, and Motoring all round. Optimism dies hard.

of many parts, gives you choice of a dozen routes out of our classical fog into the sunshine of the South, including Algiers, beloved of Guy de Maupassant; and, incidentally, he supplies lots of gastronomic facts, innkeeper's lore, and the pleasant things of touring, and the whole is illustrated by maps reliable, architectural half-tones, and frivolities in line by Helen McKie. And seek you the grimness of unfought battlefields and the painfulness of all-too-modern history, Atherton Fleming (Captain R.A.F. and war correspondent) has through that same house of publishers put forth a wonderful half-dollar's-worth, especially as things go at this super-charged Christmas—"How to See the Battlefields." It has fourteen very clear maps, and the different areas are well grouped, and conscientious objectors will find themselves safer than ever with this little tome to guide their once unwilling footsteps.

A Most Ford-acious Scheme.

Welcome, little Lizzie! For the first time I most cordially hold out the hand of automobile friendship to the Ford, much as I dislike the personal vagaries of "Poppa" Henry himself. I have always objected to the free import and practical dumping of Yankee cars upon our market, and advocated a tariff, not so much to keep them out as to force them to build over here, so that employment might be given to that haughty factor in our domestic economics, British Labour, and the wages earnt spent within the country itself, instead of in the States. And now the Ford folk have put their cards on the table and propose to build their "Lizzies" over here, fifty thousand of them of entirely British manufacture, and the profits to be put back into the business to increase employment. I don't say that I have any intention personally of buying a Ford, or even of admiring its beauty of form, but I do most heartily welcome the British Ford from every point of view. It has always proved a John the Baptist, preparing the way for cars of higher grade; and not only will it be a popularising and democratising force, badly needed in automobilism, but it will also stimulate wonderfully healthy competition. Say, put it right here, Lizzie my dear!



"HOUNDS ran into their
fox fifteen miles from
home—

But the car with its built-for-
service Dunlop tyres ate up
the miles and we were home
almost before the light failed."

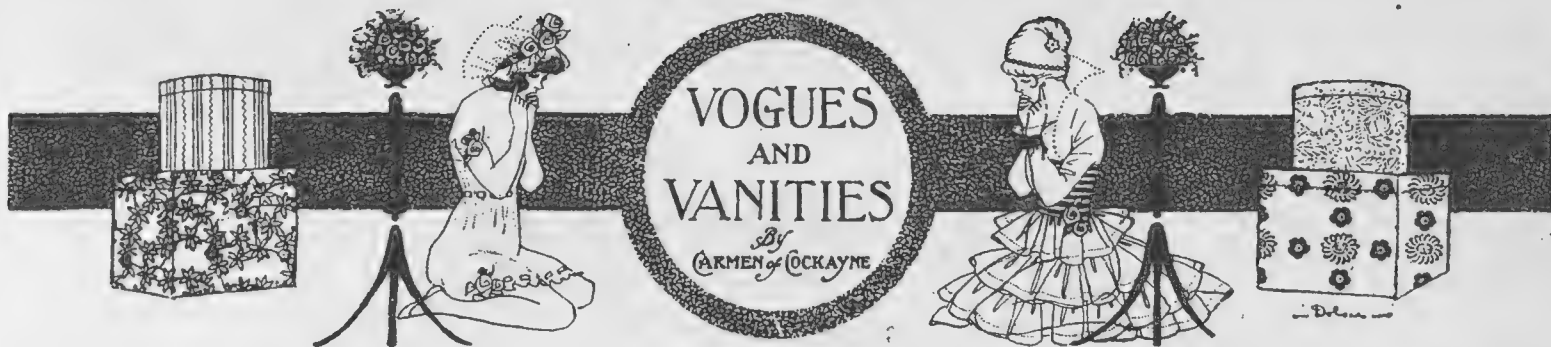
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TRADE MARK.



Best Wishes.

Here 's wishing everyone the merriest Christmas they can have, and the best wishes for the fulfilment of their best wishes; and if you can't get the beef you want, and the turkey you had set your heart on, the blame's not with me. If wishes were turkeys, so far as I'm concerned, every one of the people who read this page should have half-a-dozen, if they wanted them. Unfortunately, in a world where meat's controlled no more, wishes go for very little, and good intentions very often achieve nothing more than an empty plate. Still, it's cheering to think that we're getting along all right, even though America, as Mr. Balfour pointed out the other day, doesn't quite see its way to coming all the way with us in the re-construction business, and some Peers are still showing tenderness towards the alien

Hun. Never mind; it's Christmas—the first Peace Christmas—and what that really means only those realise who know what it feels like to have spent the last five with the family circle thinned by the absence abroad of several members.

Something to Cheer.

But, even if home-grown beef is scarce and turkeys are developing a tendency towards elusiveness, there are still a few cheerful things about. There's that American divine, for instance, the one who is so horribly shocked at the play called "Aphrodite," that's drawing to a New York theatre hundreds of those pure-souled, clear-eyed young men whose mothers, poor dears, were so dreadfully worried for their morals when they came over to this awfully wicked London in war-time. He's most horribly shocked, is this padre, just because tufts of feathers at "strategic points" are described as dress. The minor matter of the play showing black men and white women putting the principle of "every man is my brother"—well, not exactly that—into practice doesn't seem to be quite so important as this tuft-of-feathers business. What women are really wanting to know is, is this truly going to be the new fashion in dress? After all, there's only a very small step from what goes by the name of an evening dress these days to the "T. of F." kind of mode; and now that gas and elec-

tricity aren't controlled any more, the how-to-keep-warm problem shouldn't be absolutely impossible of solution.

Keeping Warm.

Those "high authorities in Harley Street" who, whenever there's an influenza epidemic, or an outbreak of measles, or something equally unpleasant, are always obligingly ready to give advice have, if I remember rightly, always insisted on the necessity for keeping the extremities warm, which, one supposes, means covered. One can't help thinking, though, that the present rage for caps of all kinds, whether of pearls, or tissue lace, or a wisp of chiffon and a suspicion of fur, is due rather to the becoming qualities of the caps than to any desire on the part of lovely woman to be "really sensible." Followers of

fashion will do and dare a great deal for their goddess, but even the most fanatical of them is not going to get up and say that a cap that's mostly of silver lace with just a twist—perhaps only an inch wide—of velvet on it is going really to keep its owner's head free from draughts and the risks of cold. But there's no doubt, none whatever, as to the power of these particular models for bringing out the good points of the wearer, softening possible less desirable ones, and in general performing that delightful feat usually known as "taking ten years off your life"—and what better reason for adopting it could any woman want? And, while there is a talk of heads, the latest decree from Paris is to

the effect that one's head must match one's frock. The rule has nothing to do with hair, though it is said that coloured wigs are making another bid for popularity; but in general the hat is expected to be of the same material as the dress, and certainly of the same colour. Stockinet, in silk and in wool, is largely used in the new spring models, some of which have already arrived in London; and in almost every case the *couturière* will produce a hat for each gown.

Why Not?

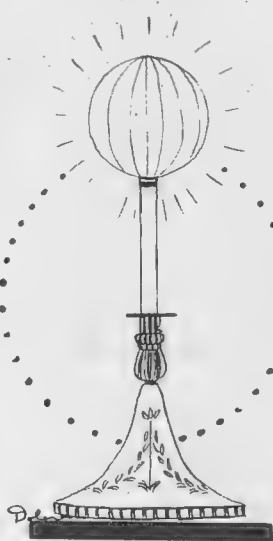
Still on the subject of heads, one can't help wishing that the fashion of wearing lace caps of the kind popular in the eighteenth century would return. The reflection came at the Ambassadors' Theatre, where the ladies of the chorus wear the most becoming lace affairs with their powdered wigs and monstrous hooped skirts. My admiration goes no further than the caps. It's surprising the way in which moralist after moralist points to hoop and crinoline periods when he wants to discuss the iniquities of the present-day dress. Experience proves that you don't need extra strong eyesight to get more than a fleeting glance of ankles—not to mention understandings and things—from below a hooped skirt, never mind how respectable a number of inches in length it may be. In any case, there's not the smallest chance of skirts of the kind worn in "Sylvia's Lovers" being generally adopted (there simply isn't room for them in an overcrowded world); but the colour-schemes were lovely.

A New Problem.

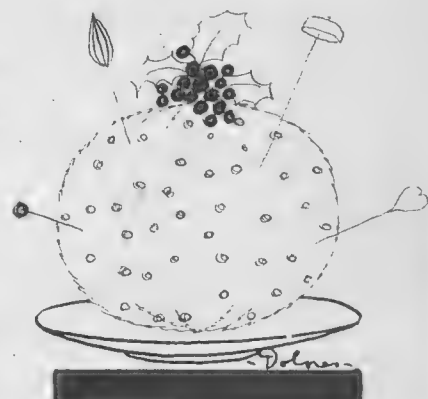
Brides are confronted with new terrors. To the ordeal of marching up the church before hundreds of critical eyes is added in France the horrid possibility that at the last ditch, so to speak, you may be turned back by a clergyman who can't stand the sight of too much silk stocking or the dazzling whiteness of a beautiful neck. It's too bad, but presumably the women will find a way out. The most obvious one seems a sort of dress parade, with the padre present, a day or two before the ceremony.



Dark-green leaves and red berries for the blonde.



A candlestick of dull gold is further enhanced by a shade of deep orange.



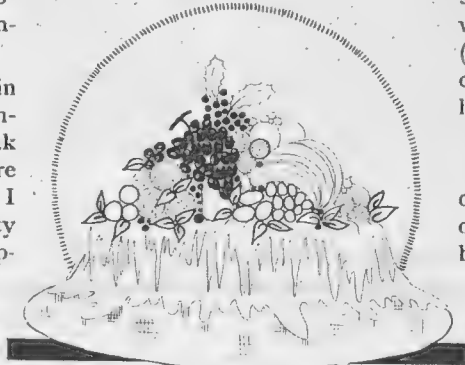
A plum-pudding for your dressing-table—but of silk, and of great use.



An embroidered dinner napkin with a scented nosegay in the centre.



For the brunette, a silver band and shining stars.



An oval looking-glass and imitation icicles surmounted with fruit make a novel Christmas table-centre.

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THE REPRIEVE.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT is a new emotion to feel, even for a moment, saintlike; to quell the burning passion and speak in tones of gentleness.

But the changes of circumstances compel even the most inflexible of us to modify our determinations. Only the senile and the hidebound refuse to admit of change.

And so I proceed with my reparation.

Some time ago I announced my decision to devote the whole of the cloth at the disposal of my House to the clothing of Youth. And with sadness of heart I was compelled to refuse to provide body coverings for clients over fifty.

That was when there was a serious shortage of wool—and also brains and beer—and Youth, having slaved and suffered for years in cold and muddy khaki, seemed to me to have first claim on warmth.

And patriotically though the old men "did their bit"—and held it in their teeth throughout the war—the fatty chest, the prosperous paunch, and podgy limbs of Age were really cloth consumers of the grossest type.

But since last Spring the shortage has been less acute; the Government, perhaps, has fleeced more "lambs."

And Dr. Veronoff has made a great experiment.

The outburst of enthusiasm with which the old men have greeted the discovery of the new use for the intestinal gland of the monkey has shown that even they are not wholly irreclaimable.

I welcome the tribute to Youth and modify my rule.

This House is henceforth prepared to accept as clients old men who have proved their admiration of Youth by permitting a respectable young monkey's gland to be introduced into their system.

I do not wish to be uncharitable in these times of peace and plenty of taxation, but I must insist on a "respectable" monkey. This should not be difficult, as monkeys are often very polished.

Respectability is necessary, for the introduction of the intestinal gland of a dipsomaniac gorilla or amatory chimpanzee might have deplorable effects. The last stage of the elderly grafter might become even worse than the first.

I have no desire to see a grafted octogenarian climbing lamp-posts in Pall Mall, or wildly pursuing innocent maidens down Piccadilly. At any rate, not in my trousers.

Therefore, those elderly cultivators of Youth who desire to take advantage of my concession must be prepared to produce a certificate as to the moral character and refined habits of the last owner of the gland. And they both have my sympathy. Hence the reprieve.

It is really very amusing that Pope and Bradley have the greatest business of its kind in the West End, considering the House is compelled to keep so many away. Perhaps the clothes are good. Tweed Lounge Suits from £10 10s., Dress Suits from £16 16s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s., Overcoats from £10 10s.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



Father Christmas. Jolly old Christmas once again! We are not going to hark back on the aspects he has assumed, but just welcome him in his cheery scarlet-and-white Dickens dress and his rosy old genial face, which does not express

any Pussyfoot sentiment. Dancing and merriment, eating, drinking and being merry—how good it all is! British hearts open wide to feel for others, and hands outstretched to help them. Why, I don't believe our English folk would turn a hungry Hun from their door, even if his presence banished, as it must, all merriment; for if we cherish no revengeful feelings—and we don't—a German is a bringer of bitter memories, and must be so for many a long year. The shops look like peace and plenty; and if the politicians and the daily papers are full of evil prophecies, well, this week we forget all about them.

Filthy Lucre.

Velvet is always becoming when used for millinery, especially when twisted into an attractive close-fitting shape.

Sir Ernest Shackleton can tell a story against himself with true Irish humour. I met him, and his comrade Captain Wild, at a luncheon-party in the wonderful Persian dining-hall of Sir John and Lady Bland-Sutton's house in Brooke Street. It seemed so extraordinary to sit there amid every luxury and beauty and think what those two men had gone through and see how little they thought of it. Since then, Sir Ernest has shown the wonderful film of his 1914-1917 Antarctic Expedition at the Albert Hall in aid of Lord Athlone's special appeal fund for the Middlesex Hospital, which had such a brilliant send-off in the dinners presided over by the Prince of Wales and Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, respectively, resulting in over £50,000 of the £200,000 required to set this most splendid hospital going on its merciful and benignant way unhandicapped by lack of what, in comparison with the blessings it confers, might well be called "filthy lucre."

Homes Across the Sea.

I hear that there is to be in the near future a great boom in emigration. This will not be confined to the class that we have heretofore associated with emigrants, but will comprise all classes, from the nobility and gentry, not to say from the Prince of Wales himself, down to the farm labourer and factory hand. Everywhere thoughts are turning to Britain's roomier regions beyond the sea. Some folk are set on British South Africa, many on Canada, and some on New Zealand and Australia. One large Irish landowner sold to his tenants some time ago, and has now sold his house and grounds and bought land in Canada, which is now so near London, he says, as to be merely provincial. All his servants are going with him, and his family are not feeling like emigrants at all. The men who were over here for the war have given a fillip to Colonial life, which seems to appeal to many of our people after a long period of conventions and artificiality.

The Glass of Fashion and the Mould of Form.

"The female form divine" is best translated for modern use, as "the female form dainty and up to date." We have somewhat various ideas of what is divine in the female form, but are quite at one as to what is smart, graceful, and of the moment in this important matter. Nature must neither be left to herself nor coerced; she must be led into the lines required. "La Vida" corsets are the reliable leaders, the nobility of the corset world. They are fashioned of the prettiest and best fabrics procurable; the foremost corsetières of the day cut and mould them, and do so always in close co-operation with the vogue of the moment. So to be Vida-ed is to be right. This result can be accomplished at most high-class ladies outfitters—but not haphazard across the counter, I beg. "Vidas" must be fitted to be worthy of their high origin and vocation; and they are in so many shapes and styles that every woman can have the best made of her figure by them.

Stockings and Backbones.

Father Bernard Vaughan is following the lead of many prominent men in the Catholic Church in deploring the scantiness of women's clothes these days. After all, however, so far as stockings are concerned, the rage for thin ones obtained long before the war. Since that upheaval thicker stockings have been too expensive for any but the wealthy to wear. The dignitaries of the Church, of course, know nothing of the bare backs which assail our vision, not invariably pleasantly, of an evening. These do seem to court trouble, for in front the breast-bone offers some protection to the lungs, but these precious organs get no cover at the back. The anatomy of the vertebræ has always seemed to me the least attractive of any of the human body; yet I find myself fascinated by it when it is displayed in a seat before me. There are, to be sure, various kinds of fascination. This is that said to be exercised by a snake!

Light Heels and Tripping Toes.

In the year that is coming in we shall have plenty of dancing if the auguries tell true. Lady Cunard piloted the Covent Garden Opera Ball so successfully that she was deluged with applications to organise more and yet more. One at least she is committed to—a big fancy-dress dance for the Middlesex Hospital in February, at which Royalty will be present. The officers of the Brigade of Guards will back Lady Cunard in big-dance-giving for good causes to a man. The love of dancing is a good healthy sign of youth and well-being; and dances, even of the mammoth variety, do not now deteriorate into "rags" or "romps": they are really almost decorous and very pretty to look at, as is proved by the revenue from boxes and other seats sold to onlookers. Everyone who dances possesses fancy dresses, and before a big ball the rate of exchange in these is rapid. Joan changes with Jill, and Tom with Dick, and hilarity is added to the occasion in consequence.



A brocade evening dress with a black train which makes an amazing background for the wearer.



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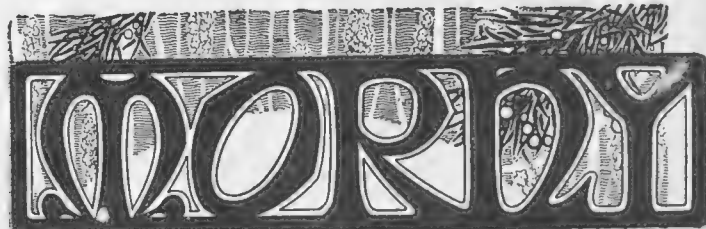


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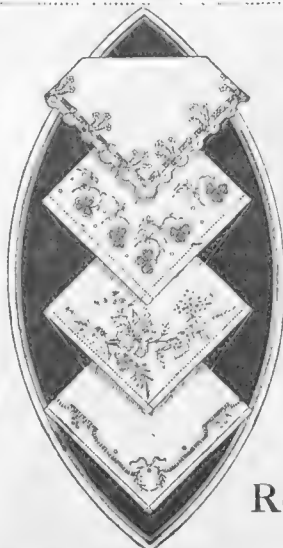
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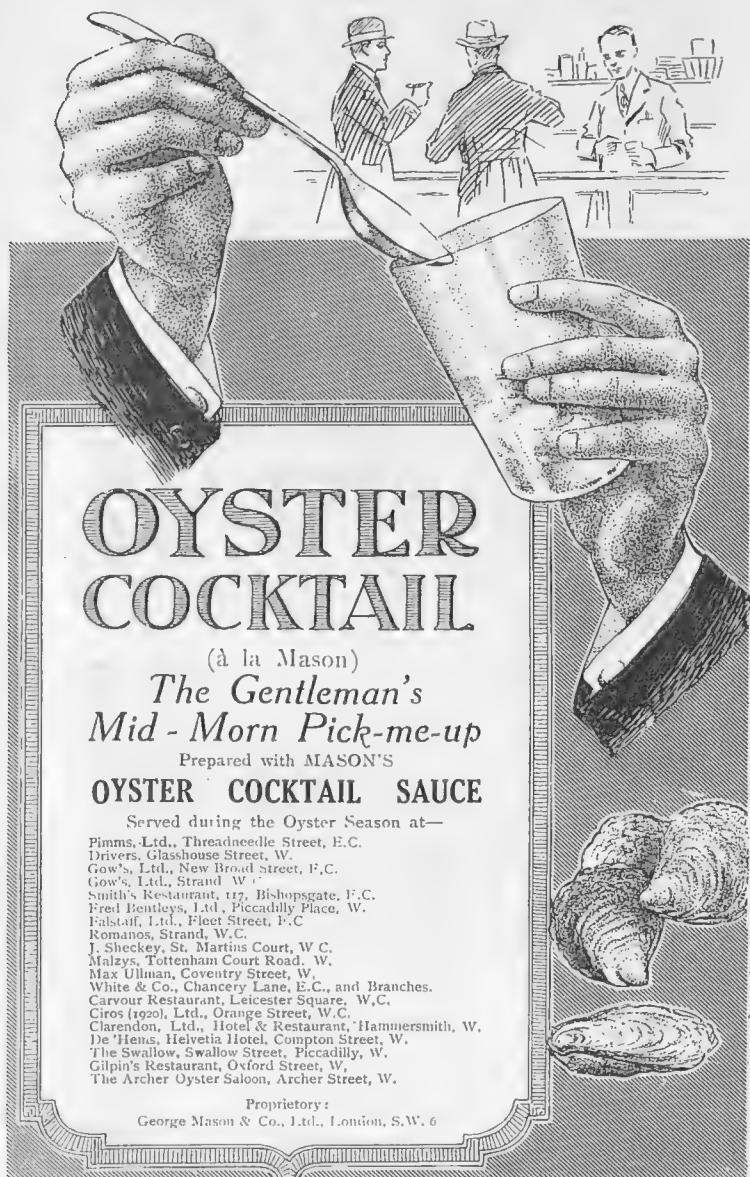
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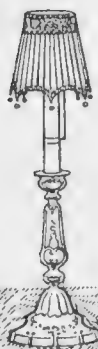
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a high price for children's footwear. The materials count for nothing if the shape be wrong. Make sure the shape is right by getting Phat-Pheet. The shoe illustrated above is a light and dainty Phat-Pheet model for special indoor occasions. The uppers are cut from a soft-grain morocco leather. Tan in sizes 4 to 13½, dark green in sizes 4 to 10½, and plum colour in sizes 4 to 3. Stocks of all these colours plentiful at present.

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Obtainable in all 17 degrees Blacklead, 6B to 9H, at 4d. each
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THERE are occasions when even the most expert driver will stop the engine unintentionally. It is then that the engine is apt to be refractory, and the line of waiting vehicles lengthens steadily while the flustered motorist struggles manfully (or womanfully) with the starting handle. Once a Brolt Electric Self-Starter is fitted a quick get-away is assured at all times. The Brolt never fails. You simply press the switch from the driving seat, and the engine is set running instantly. There is no doubt and no delay. Write for the "Book of the Brolt."



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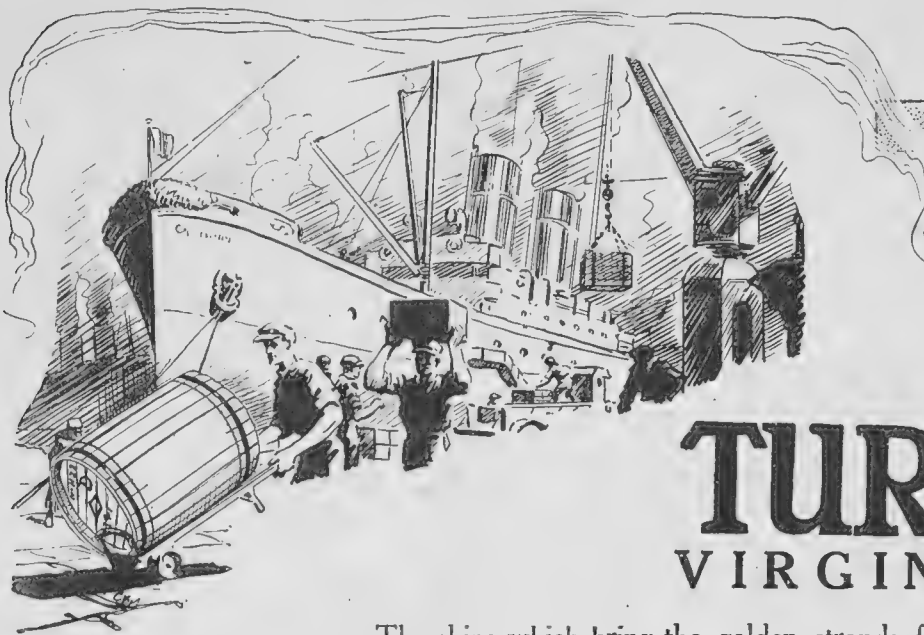


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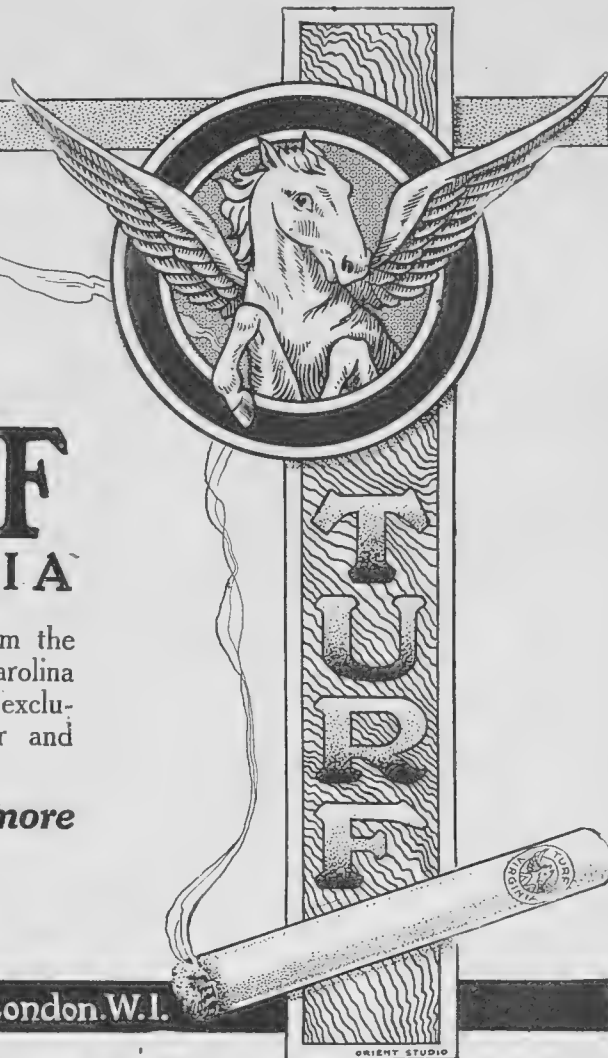
And yet the demand is for more

*On the course, and off it,
No cigarette's as fine
As that which has the circle
And winged white horse for sign.*

Turf Big
20 1/4

Turf Derby
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Table Knives £1 7s. 6d. per doz. Cheese Knives £1 5s. 0d. per doz.

NEW CHRISTMAS PRESENTS CATALOGUE, SENT ON REQUEST.

29th DEC. until 24th JAN.

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K1533.—1350 yds. 50 in. Cretonne, drab ground, with Wedgwood blue design, or chintz colourings.

Reduced from - 6/6 to 4/9 per yard.



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Reduced from - 6/11 to 4/11 per yard. Patterns of these can be sent until they are sold out.

Special attention is drawn to the following Extraordinary Bargains in Cretonnes which are all of the most durable qualities obtainable, and include all the newest colourings.

2350 yds. CRETONNES, 50 in. wide.

Examples of Reductions—

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200 yds. reduced from	12/9 to 3/11	200 yds. reduced from	14/9 to 6/11
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Pall Mall East, London, S.W. 1.



"SEASONABLE SPORTS"—ON THE OTHER SIDE: A MOVIE QUEEN IN SOUTHERN SUN.

This photograph of a well-known cinema star, which was taken on a sunny, tropic beach, is enough to make English readers envious! She is just off for a spin on her motor-bicycle, which can be ridden anywhere, as it is fitted with Firestone tyres.

snaffle to a single-reined one, and I invariably took the precaution of knotting the ends—not that these knots did not sometimes come undone, but it was a bit of a safeguard. (Since writing this I hear that the local stewards' decision has been upheld—and in this I quite concur.)

Continued from page 474.

was the twelfth—and all this had to be crossed twice, as we know. I rather imagine that if the going under foot to-day were what it was in those days we should see a good many more tired horses at the end of the performance than we do now. Going "out into the country" in those times meant "the country"!

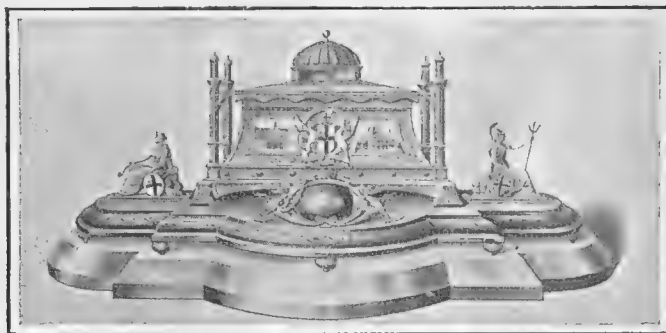
The objection to Raybarrow at Windsor because, after he had won, Escott, his jockey, jumped off before getting to the weighing enclosure because his single rein had come unbuckled and he was left with only one-half of it in his hands, was overruled by the local stewards. I shall not know whether this has gone up on appeal before the N.H.C. before these notes have to leave my possession, and it would not, therefore, be cricket to express an opinion. Supposing, however, a rein had broken or the bit snapped, as bits sometimes will, would not a jockey be justified in jumping off? Personally, in the days when I was younger and used to tempt Fate and the undertaker between the flags, I preferred a double-reined

ODDS AND ENDS.

Nearly Ready. Sir George Arthur, whose "Life of Kitchener" is nearing completion and will be published early in the New Year, has one qualification among many others for his task. Probably no one knew more of the intimate side of the great soldier, and certainly nobody entertained for him a deeper admiration. Sir George is a rather rare example of the military devotee who manages to combine with the manner and appearance of a complete man of the world a passion for those religious observances summed up by ordinary and more ignorant folk as High Church, and was at one time Church correspondent of a daily newspaper.

*Other Times,
Other Cloths.*

Futurism has, it seems, invaded the bridal fashion arena. Persian veils and gold gowns are the newest thing for the maids who escort the happy bride to the altar. Moreover, there's no reason why harem skirts should not be worn, and harem skirts in the East often mean trousers. So perhaps we may see a trousered train of attendants replacing the more conventional "prettily" clad girls who have hitherto helped to swell the bride's procession.



TO BE PRESENTED TO THE SHAH: A GOLD CASKET.

Our photograph shows the gold casket which is to be presented to the Shah of Persia by the Corporation of the City of London in commemoration of his recent visit. It was designed and carried out by Messrs. Harrods, Ltd., and is of 18-carat gold, in the Persian style of architecture and ornament, but adorned with the Arms of the City of London and views of the Guildhall and St. Paul's.

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Necklet, Aquamarines and Diamonds. Mounted in Platinum, **£85**

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Bath Crystals, 3/6 and 6/3;
Shampoo Powders, 3d. each;
Powder Leaf Books, 7d.; Brillantine, 2/-

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Hot Spot atomises the petrol. Ram's Horn carries those atoms to the equidistant cylinders with lightning-like rapidity, its shape preventing pools and cutting waste. These improvements ensure easy running, quick starting and engine reliability, and give better results from present-day petrol.

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CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.

COAL AND CONFIDENCE.

THERE are one or two prominent men in the City who seem to have the knack of finding something both interesting and instructive to say whenever they make a speech. The late Sir Edward Holden was one, and Sir Hugh Bell is certainly another. The latter's speech at the recent meeting of the Horden Collieries was a good example of what we mean.

Although he dealt mainly with the conditions of the coal trade, and especially with the proposals to limit the colliery-owners' profits to 1s. 2d. per ton, a great many of his facts and conclusions are of interest to all who concern themselves with industrial legislation and control. The central idea of his speech, as we understand it, was confidence. In his own words, "The making of the Horden Colliery is the outcome of three things—confidence, capital, and labour. You cannot obtain capital if there is no confidence. If you destroy that, you destroy all power of spending money in development—indeed, without that you cannot go on for very long."

Owing to lack of confidence, he declared that at least £58,000,000 of capital which would otherwise go to increase the output in the coal trade is at present held up; and that, but for labour unrest and the Sankey Report, this particular company would have made considerable progress towards the doubling of its output from 1,250,000 to 2,500,000 tons a year.

Obviously, therefore, the shareholders have suffered heavily from these causes; and when it is realised that out of total yearly receipts amounting to £2,000,000 no less than £1,500,000 is paid, directly and indirectly, in wages, against £200,000 to the shareholders, it will be seen that labour itself has suffered even more heavily. The country can ill afford to allow such conditions to continue even for a day.

INSURANCE AFFAIRS.

The amalgamation of the Royal with the Liverpool and London and Globe Company was, as we suspected, an example which is likely to be followed by more than one other Insurance Company. At the time of writing it has just been announced that the Phoenix Assurance Company and the Norwich Union Fire Insurance Company are to join forces. First of all, we think the directors of both companies are to be congratulated on having made the preliminary announcement so promptly. The ideal arrangement, of course, is

to complete negotiations in secrecy, and announce a *fait accompli*; but so rarely is this possible that a preliminary announcement is the next best thing, since it prevents unscrupulous insiders from taking advantage of innocent shareholders.

The amalgamation will be an important one when completed, as the total assets of the combined companies amount to some £25,000,000, the Phoenix, of course, being the more important of the two.

AN EXCHANGE NOTE.

A curious feature of the French Exchange position is the scarcity of French notes in London. A premium of something like ten per cent. existed at one time this week for notes over the current cheque exchange, and we advise anyone who is going to France to buy a few notes for the latter part of their journey, and to take the rest in the form of a cheque on a Paris bank.

The same advice, of course, applies equally to anyone who is unfortunate enough to have to go to Hunland. Only more so.

OUR STROLLER IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

"Getting near Christmas now, aren't we?" said his broker to Our Stroller.

"I believe I've heard a rumour to that effect," was the reply. "You are the four-hundred-and—"

"Come on; time we were off," said the broker hastily.

He led the way to the door and did a few mysterious passes with coins over a little box. Then went out—

"Forgive me, but I haven't paid," said Our Stroller, clutching him by the arm.

"I have, though"—and the broker laughed. "We like to bring our clients here, if only to show how we're trusted. I put the money into the box as we left."

"But you didn't have a bill or anything, and how do they know you've paid at all?"

"They don't, and so, of course, we do," was the mixed reply. "It's rather a nice feeling on both sides, I think, don't you?"

"Well, you Stock Exchange men *are* a quaint lot of birds," exclaimed Our Stroller, so transparently innocent of innuendo that his broker only laughed again.

"An old aunt of mine has a few Welsbach shares," said Our Stroller, as they sauntered down Throgmorton Street. "She is uneasy about the fall in them. Do you know why they've gone down?"

"I suppose it is because the Anti-Dumping Bill was thrown

[Continued overleaf.]

THE COMMERCIAL BANK OF LONDON, LTD.

A GENERAL meeting of the holders of preference shares of the Commercial Bank of London, Ltd., was held on Dec. 11 to consider a resolution for the reconstruction of the company and the reorganisation of its capital.

The Right Hon. Sir Charles Hobhouse, Bt., P.C., the Chairman, presided, and in moving the resolution remarked that none of the original shareholders of the old Commercial Bank of London, of which the present Board assumed control in 1916, could ever have anticipated the success which the institution had now attained. This was really the second time the capital resources of the Bank had been enlarged since the control passed into the present hands, and the great success which had followed the first enlargement should be of good augury on the present occasion. As was stated in the circular which the shareholders had received, business had expanded so satisfactorily and rapidly that it was not desirable to increase the capital, and the Board was of opinion that the opportunity should be taken to consolidate the capital into one class of share, as deferred shares of the nominal value of 1s. were an undesirable form of capital for a banking company of their magnitude and reputation. The simplest and most economical way of carrying out those proposals was to form an entirely new company with one class of share, and, as stated in the reconstruction scheme, that new company would have a nominal capital of £5,000,000 in shares of £1 each, of which it was proposed to issue 3,500,000 shares. Of those shares, 2,250,000 would be issued immediately, 975,000 to existing shareholders, and 1,275,000 by public subscription. The subscription of those new shares was already in sight, but the Board desired to give every possible advantage to existing shareholders, and applications from those would be given preferential consideration. He hoped shareholders would avail themselves of that offer, which he felt very confident should constitute a substantial bonus for them. Proceeding, the Chairman said he would try to show that the proposed increase of capital was not only essential in the interest of the bank as an institution, but would be really advantageous to the shareholders as such. Their present capital was quite inadequate to handle the whole of the good business offered to them. To increase their profit and at the same time to increase their divisible ratio, it was necessary to enlarge the capital. The Board was confident that with the additional strength which the new capital would give, they would from the commencement be able to pay larger dividends on each individual share than would be possible under existing conditions for a very long time.

Mr. Clarence Hatry, the Managing Director, seconded the motion, which was carried after some discussion.

A meeting of the deferred shareholders and an extraordinary general meeting of the shareholders of the Bank were then held at which the resolutions were also approved.

ROLLS-ROYCE

The first flight from England to Australia was made by ROLLS-ROYCE engines on a Vickers (Vimy) Aeroplane.

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FLIGHT FROM LONDON TO AUSTRALIA.

For particulars of the competition, apply by letter enclosing stamped addressed envelope to Dept. CX, Rolls-Royce Limited, 15 Conduit Street, London, W.

AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. (Ger. 2645) "WHO'S HOOPER?" W. H. BERRY.
Evenings at 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.

COURT. (Ger. 848.) MAURICE MOSCOVITCH in
"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."
MARY GREY as Portia.
EVERY EVENING, at 8. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.
XMAS HOLIDAYS Twice Daily, from Dec. 26 to Jan. 3.

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The GEORGE EDWARDS Production. Under the direction of ROBERT EVETT.
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XMAS ARRANGEMENTS.—TWICE DAILY, 2 and 8, from Boxing Day, Dec. 26, till Jan. 1.

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Matinees Wed., Sat., and Dec. 26, at 2.30.
GILBERT and SULLIVAN OPERAS.
REPERTORY SEASON. (For Programme see Daily papers.)

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Evenings, at 8.15. Mats. Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.

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EVERY EVENING, at 8.45. MATINEES TUESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30.
PEGGY PRIMROSE, FRED KERR, and Company in a New Comedy,
"A DEAR LITTLE LADY." By Cyril Whitehead.

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By George Broadhurst.
KYLE BELLEW. A. E. GEORGE.
Nightly, at 8.15. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.15. (Ger. 3830)
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FORMANCES DAILY, 2.30, 6.0, 8.45. Programme commencing Dec. 22: Marie Lloyd, Lorna
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Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The National
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Eve are to be truly
great nights at the
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A Fancy Dress Ball
has been arranged for
Boxing Night, and
1,000 presents will
be distributed among
the visitors.

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a grand Fancy Dress
Ball is to be held, and
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for the best costumes.

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dancing vogue should
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events. They offer full
opportunities for fill-
ing the cup of enjoy-
ment to the very brim.

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19, Baker St. London, W.1.

Continued

out. There must be quite a lot of companies which would have been all the better off for Protection."

"They will adjust themselves to competitive trade, I take it?"

"Oh, of course. It's only a matter of time. Meanwhile, some folk are a bit nervy as to the outlook. I regard Welsbach as cheap myself. If—"

"Dash!" exclaimed Our Stroller. "Look what I've done!"—and he picked up a mechanical toy that looked none the better for the abrupt introduction to our friend's heel.

"Ard luck, guv'nor," said the vendor. "Don't you worry. Tike it 'ome to the kids fur Christmas. Ain't no blinkin' use to me. You've caused it, you 'ave. Fairly—"

"'Ere, I say, guv'nor, you ain't give me the three-and-six. Corst me four bob, strite, and— Thank 'ee, Sir."

Our Stroller hated, above all other things but one in this world, to be "done." The one other thing was being the centre of any kind of fuss. This time it cost him three-and-sixpence, plus a feeling of red-hot indignation.

His broker seemed to be hugely tickled.

"You're far from being the only one," he said.

"Then why the Heligoland don't you warn your clients about these booby-traps?" he burst out wrathfully. "I believe that dirty tramp went and placed his confounded toy under— Where are we going to?"

The broker had run up a few steps, turned to the right, and Our Stroller found himself in the Stock Exchange once more.

"You know your way about, don't you?" half-whispered the broker. "Won't mind if I cut off for a minute? Bye-bye."

Our Stroller felt rather pleased. He had wanted to get into the House at Christmas-time.

It was nearly half-past two—within half-an-hour of the time for closing the Stock Exchange.

Clerks were bustling about between one market and another, getting prices.

"Tick off the lot as unchanged," he heard a jovial-looking jobber say to one of the blue-button boys. "I haven't been in the market for the last hour-and-a-half, so there can't be any serious alteration."

"And to-morrow I shall have clients writing to ask why I dealt at such-and-such a price which doesn't appear in the paper," said a broker. "You've no idea the trouble you get us into with your casual ways."

"Never mind," said the jobber. "Tell them it's Christmas-

time, and you wanted at least one suffering dealer to enjoy a mince-pie at this festive—ahem!—season. Try one of these."

"But I can't light it in here."

"Keep it for outside. Being one of the New Poor, I—well, we won't go into details. They're not bad at a hundred and five, anyway."

"Extravagant beast! What will your wife say?"

"Nothing, when I show her this," and he pulled out a tissue-paper parcel. . . .

In the Kaffir Circus they were really pretending to attend to business. But it was a flimsy camouflage. Snatches of song, little outbreaks of practical joking, a linking of arms, and then a roar from the Rubber Market.

What was actually occurring Our Stroller could not see. A huge ring, many deep; men standing in crowds on all the benches round, a deafening row of cheering, laughter, cat-calls, choruses, various hats obviously looking for owners, an occasional bulge in the crowd that swayed like a jelly. Above all, the stentorian voices of the waiters calling men who could not possibly hear, and would not have answered if they had. It was the merriest Babel imaginable in a body of business men during business hours.

Our Stroller took up his stand in the Argentine Railway Market, and was enjoying it immensely.

Two men on the bench behind him began talking—

"What a pity we haven't got a stranger or two in here, just to live things up a bit."

"He would have the time of his life," laughed the other man. "Can't you imagine it? Let's have a lark!"—and he suddenly shouted at the top of his voice—

"What are Louisville? Louisville! Louisville! What are Louisville?"

Everyone within ear-shot suddenly turned, and seemed to be searching the air. But Our Stroller thanked his stars that a new diversion, this time in the West African Market, enabled him to slip out of the House undiscovered. *Wednesday, Dec. 17, 1919.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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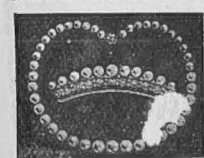
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